


UNIVERSITY OF
ILLINOIS LIBRARY
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN
STACKS



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

FITZGEORGE.

Just published,
In a handsome post 8vo volume, price 9s. cloth,

TALES OF OTHER DAYS.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF HISTORY.

By J. Y. A.

WITH ENGRAVINGS, AFTER DESIGNS BY
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

"This is one of the most attractive publications we have lately seen; it consists of a series of remarkably well-written and interesting Tales of the olden time, with Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Of these Illustrations it is scarcely possible to speak in any other than terms of unqualified praise—they combine so much of the ludicrous and the terrible, and are so completely in Cruikshank's best style, that we feel justified in expressing an opinion that this publication will even add to that unrivalled artist's fame. The volume is altogether well got up—the printing is remarkably neat, and the Tales are of a pleasingly varied character."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

See also *Literary Gazette*, *Athenæum*, *La Belle Assemblée*, *Sunday Times*, &c. &c.

* * A few impressions of the Illustrations are taken off on India paper, price 5s.

In post 12mo, price 5s.,

A TALE OF TUCUMAN.

WITH DIGRESSIONS, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

By JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

Stat nominis umbra.

Meaning, that I my name will tell you some day.

"Passion!" cried the phantom dim;

"I loved my country, and I hated him!"

"Our author is one of the right thinkers; and what he thinks well, he speaks boldly, and without pausing to consider whether he is, or is not, wounding the established prejudices of our amour propre."—*Examiner*.

Second Edition, price 1s.,

WALKS ABOUT TOWN:

A Poem,

WITH NOTES AND A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHORS.

BY THE ANTIQUATED TRIO.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.

"We all went out together,
To see what we could see."

FITZGEORGE;

A NOVEL.

Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without pleasure,
Youth without honour, age without respect.

BYRON'S *Marino Faliero*.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY EFFINGHAM WILSON,
ROYAL EXCHANGE.

1832.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

823
St 454f
v. 1

1. Meb 52 410m

FITZGEORGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE SYMPOSIUM.

AFTER three hours spent at the toilet the Honourable Augustus Fitzgeorge took his station in the drawing-room to receive his expected guests. From many a long and lofty mirror was that form reflected which he most of all admired, which was the centre of his thoughts and the pride of his life. There many an attitude was studied, many a smile was practised, and many a bow rehearsed. The doors were thrown open, and the Honourable Lionel Leppard was an-

Rev. Rev. Ray
14. Grou. S. 2. Bayle 36

nounced. A brow of thought and a lip of smiles were the bearing of Lionel, alike prepared for fun or philosophy.

“This is as it should be,” exclaimed Fitzgeorge, pressing the hand of Leppard, with a studied earnestness, till the guest thought his host as sincere as himself; “the first in my estimation to be the first in keeping his appointment.”

“Fitzgeorge, I give you joy on coming into life and liberty; now you are at liberty to show the world what life is.”

“Here comes one,” said Fitzgeorge, “who needs not to be told what life is.”

The Honourable Drury Borrowman was announced. A cordial pressure of the hand, and a smile of courtly grace, seemed to say that his presence was peculiarly acceptable. “Leppard is telling me that I must show the world what life is.”

“Then,” said Borrowman, “you will show the world that life is a farce.”

“That is your serious opinion?”

“Pardon me, but I am serious in nothing, save in congratulating you on being liberated from leading-strings and shoulders of mutton.”

“And I,” said Fitzgeorge, taking his two friends by the hand, “am never more serious than when I congratulate myself on possessing two such valuable and valued friends as Leppard and Borrowman.”

The eyes of Fitzgeorge glanced with gratified pride around the splendid apartment which had been furnished, finished and decorated under his own immediate, minute, and incessant attention. Every article of use and of ornament had not been merely chosen by himself, but its pattern had been devised by his own exuberant taste. His own individual genius had presided over the industry and skill of the workmen: there was not a single moulding that was not familiar to his eye and imagination, for he had devised or improved their form. It was his pride to rejoice in the superb singularity of his

taste, and to stand alone as the mark and model of exterior elegance. His eye was everywhere, and his thoughts were constantly filled with images of beauty; the activity of his mind was occupied with devices of decoration and anticipations of luxury and homage. No man perhaps ever practised less self-deception than he did in matters of this nature, and in the general design and promise of life;—for he hesitated not to avow it to himself that his design and hope were to enjoy the luxuries and elegances of life to their utmost attainable extent. He did not for a moment pretend, either to himself or to any one else, that he had any other ambition than to enjoy the fulness of luxurious indulgence.

Though but a young man just come of age, yet being of a high and ancient family, of great expectations, and of political consequence and influence, his friends were liberal in their homage and lavish in their compliments. The dexterity with which they could nourish vanity with the fumes of flattery—the grace with which they

could gild over the grossness of sensuality—the lightness with which they could laugh at the vulgar restrictions, which bind inferior spirits, rendered their society most acceptable to a youth who had just burst the bondage of minority, and who felt that he had nothing to do in life but to enjoy it. For the strictness of early discipline, and the abstemiousness which had been forced upon him in a state of pupilage, gave a stimulus to the appetite for indulgence, and awakened the wanton pruriency of imagination to devise all forms of luxury.

He was now beginning to realize the dreams of his minority. What had been to him castles in the air were coming to have a local habitation and a name. This was the first party which he had entertained in a mansion, that he could call his own; and this party consisted of many others than the two above named; but they were all choice spirits, all in love with themselves, and joying in any acquisition to their own equivocal sense of their importance, and it

was indeed an addition to their importance that they shared the smiles of the gay and graceful Fitzgeorge. There sat at his table wits, statesmen, and philosophers, men of thought and men of thoughtlessness; it was a day of gladness to Fitzgeorge, for it was a day of promise, a bright harbinger of a brilliant and glorious life. Every thing was as it should be; the duties of the toilet had been supereminently successful, the whole force of culinary science had been developed, and the *ars celare artem* had been carried to its utmost conceivable perfection. The banqueting-room, though not so vast in its dimensions or so superb in its appointments as the halls of Sardanapalus or Belshazzar, was not deficient in such decorations as wealth could purchase, or as an active imagination could devise. The genius of Fitzgeorge, which reached to every part of his mansion, and devised every form of its decoration and accommodation, had been not inactive in the hall of feasting. Pleased was the

luxurious young man to see the dazzled eyes of his admiring guests diverted and distracted between the table and the apartment. Happy was he to see the well-trained servants, quick as light and silent as shadows, move about their ministrations. Both he and his guests endeavoured to look as though there was nothing extraordinary in the apartment or the entertainment; but it was not easy to conceal the admiration of the eye, however studiously silent the tongue might be; and Fitzgeorge knew that on the morrow his fame would be spread, that fame in which he most delighted.

One bad feeling which sometimes subsists between the entertainer and the entertained had no place at this meeting, there was no feeling of jealous rivalry. The guests were not in a situation to vie in splendour with their host. Augustus Fitzgeorge had it in his power to select as companions and intimates the highest of the high, who would have been proud of his acquaintance, but he knew that they were also

proud of themselves, and he preferred such as would sensibly feel the honour of his condescension, such as would repay condescension by flattery. As he was in his own rank high and enviably distinguished, he was under no necessity of seeking to derive *éclat* from the rank or opulence of those with whom he associated; he selected his companions therefore from among those who met his humour; who were distinguished for the brilliancy of their wit, the profundity of their talents, or the variety of their acquisitions; who would be agreeable at the festive board, and who with all the visible ease of acquaintanceship and familiarity could dexterously blend an essential servility, moral and political. Being of age and past the restraints of discipline, he had no wish to continue under a voluntary vassalage, by placing around himself severe moralists, or men of formal, puritanical habits. His very incompetence to govern himself made him the more eager to be his own master. The direction of his conduct being put

into his own hands, he felt disposed to keep it there irresponsibly; for he thought, not unreasonably, that when an individual is arrived at years of discretion, there is little moral use, though often much annoyance, in the reproofs and censures to which the mind gives no echo. He placed around him therefore those from whom nothing of this kind was to be expected, and his style of intercourse with them was such as to admit of no farther familiarity than that which he was pleased to allow; he guided them with the reins of condescension, but he had a quick eye and a firm hand on the curb of arrogance, by which he prevented familiarity from transgressing into an unpleasant impertinence, and they knew well enough on what terms they associated with him. They were happy to bask in the sunshine of his prosperity, and to rejoice in the light of his countenance. From him they were prepared to take the tone of their morals, their politics, their religion;—or if they should presume to differ from him, it would be merely

to sharpen their wits by discussion, not to convince the mind by reasoning.

It was not, therefore, with any view of directly or indirectly reproving the epicurean propensities of his host, that Borrowman, whose eyes twinkled with ecstasy over a glass of claret, said, "Why is all the world so unanimous in praise of temperance, and scarcely one solitary logician has a single word to say in praise of luxury?"

"Because," replied Fitzgeorge, "luxury speaks for itself."

"But why is luxury reprobated?"

"It is only reprobated when it is inaccessible."

"Not only, nor always so," said Leppard; "there have been declaimers against luxury, who have had the means of enjoying it."

"They have been proud," said Borrowman, "of the ingenuity with which they could make the worse appear the better cause. Or perhaps they have been stoics in the school and epi-

cureans at the table ; for it is no bad policy to persuade those who are without luxuries that indulgence is undesirable. The happiest contrivance of all is to represent luxury as a sin."

"Methinks I see you, Borrowman," replied Fitzgeorge, "delivering a homily against good living."

"Do you think I could not keep my countenance?"

"I think you could not get rid of your countenance, which would tell mightily against your theory and interfere with the sanctity of your homily."

"Yet I have seen a well-fed dignitary, of no mean circumference, prosingly haranguing on the merits of contentment and starvation, while his half-fed curate was sitting in the desk below, yawning from the emptiness of his own stomach and the rector's head."

"Such a scene would bear dramatizing,"

answered Fitzgeorge, "were it not rather too broad for farce."

"Not at all too broad for farce, or even for serious comedy," said Leppard, "for they are best qualified to impose upon others who have not been imposed upon themselves."

"You think then that a man can speak best in praise of temperance, who is not convinced by his own arguments?"

"They are the best logicians," replied Leppard, "who can convince others by arguments which do not convince themselves."

"But will not a man speak most effectually on any topic when he himself is convinced of the soundness of his cause and the truth of his own theory?"

"So far as passion is concerned a man may speak more persuasively, but so far as logic is concerned he will not speak more convincingly for any confidence he may have in the soundness and truth of his cause. For when an in-

dividual is fully possessed with the idea of the truth of a theory or the justness of a principle he is not so aware of its weak points as one who is not so convinced."

"For that reason, then," said Fitzgeorge, "litigants intrust their defence more wisely to other hands than their own."

"They do so: and an advocate can do the best for his cause, when he is fully aware of its weakness."

"My good friends," said Borrowman, starting from a reverie, and filling his glass, "your whole argument is not worth an argument; the truth lies in a nutshell; our senses tell us that we like what we like, and our reason tells us that we like what we dislike."

"You are right," said Fitzgeorge, "and one of the finest illustrations of your remark may be found in Cicero's Tusculan Questions. Few men have had a greater dread of death than he had; he died at last like a coursed hare, almost with mere fright:—and yet he has written one of

the most ingenious arguments imaginable, to prove that death is not an evil. I believe it is the very first of the Tusculan Questions. So far as reasoning goes, he has proved his point; but he convinces nobody, and most clearly he did not convince himself."

"Might he not have written that disquisition," asked Leppard, "to exhibit his ingenuity in proving to others that which he did not believe himself?"

"What he might have done," replied Fitzgeorge, "I cannot say; but I am decidedly of opinion that the whole argument, from beginning to end, was but a vain endeavour to reconcile himself to that which he knew to be unavoidable. He whistled aloud to keep his courage up. If you have ever read the dying-speeches of criminals, you will find them almost uniformly reconciled to death; but the reconciling power has been despair. Cicero would not have died to this hour, if he could have helped himself."

“ You must acknowledge,” said one of the party, addressing himself to Fitzgeorge, “ that there is great beauty in his Treatise on Old Age.”

“ Certainly; and great ingenuity of reasoning: but it is precisely of the same nature, and upon the same principle, as the first of the Tusculan Questions, in which he endeavours to prove that death is not an evil. Being afraid of death, he was of course alarmed at the approach of old age; but as it was unavoidable, he attempted to persuade himself that it was not an evil.”

“ Was there much insincerity in the character of Cicero?” said the person who had asked the last question.

“ I should be sorry to think so,” said Leopard, “ because I regard him as the model of a highspirited Whig.”

“ You sympathize with his oratorical powers,” said Fitzgeorge, “ and love Whiggery because it rules by eloquence.”

“Are you not with us yourself?”

“As a matter of party, I am,” replied Fitzgeorge, “but not as a matter of principle; if Lord Fitzgeorge were a Whig, I should be a Tory; but as Lord Fitzgeorge is a Tory, I am a Whig.”

“You treat yourself unjustly,” said Leppard, “in accusing yourself of want of principle.”

“Pray let us have no talk about principle,” said Borrowman, “we shall grow stupid if we get on that topic. Fitzgeorge has as much principle as any one else—I very much like his principle, too, of enjoying life while it lasts.”

“That I believe,” said Fitzgeorge, “is a point on which few differ in reality; and when men rail in good set terms at indulgence, it is because they love it, and cannot attain it. So the good things of life have the suffrage of all, of those who praise, and of those who vituperate them; and he at last is the only truly honest man who enjoys them as heartily and as much as he can.”

There was sitting at the table one who never sat there again, a pale and studious-looking young man, who had in the world a reputation for philosophic acuteness and dialectic dexterity; it was the same that had ventured an opinion on the beauty of Cicero's Treatise on Old Age; Fitzgeorge wished to draw him out, and to extract amusement from his philosophy. "Come, philosopher, as the topic is luxury, let us have the benefit of your opinion."

The wine was mounting the philosopher's head, and was, by its inspiration, rendering him rather more philosophical than usual, certainly more eloquent or voluble. Forgetting, or not considering, the character and disposition of his host, he replied, "If, sir, you ask my opinion of luxury, you must permit me, with great freedom of speech, to utter my opinion according to the best of my poor judgment and ability."

Fitzgeorge gave a significant look to Borrowman, and replied to the philosopher, "Speak

freely, my dear fellow; freedom is the soul of philosophy.”

“Then, sir,” resumed the philosopher,—with a slowness of utterance which was partly the result of formality, and partly produced by a consciousness that his tongue might trip if it were hurried,—“of luxury I must say, having observed human nature with great attention, that whatever be the quantum of enjoyment in any man’s life, whether that enjoyment be mental or bodily, in proportion to his enjoyment will be his suffering, of one kind or other. Our pleasures come from our pains, and our pains are the parents of our pleasures. Those pains are the most acute which are the consequence of our pleasures, and those pleasures are the most poignant which are the result of our pains. Therefore, I opine, that they who seek for pleasure through the medium of luxury, though they may fancy that they enjoy pleasure, yet provide for themselves afterwards an uneasiness or pain which counterbalances the

pleasures of their indulgence. Nature will not be cheated, she has provided a certain quantity of pleasure and a certain quantity of pain for us all, which we can neither increase nor diminish."

"Amen," said Fitzgeorge, "a very capital sermon !"

"But permit me to proceed."

"Oh, no, no; you have given us a most excellent homily," said Fitzgeorge; "you shall take orders, and Lord Fitzgeorge will give you a living. You shall be his domestic chaplain."

Fitzgeorge then ordered the table to be cleared of the glasses and decanters, and directed that others of a different construction should supply their place. Each guest was furnished with glasses that had no feet, and could only be held in the hand; while globular decanters also that could not stand, but must of necessity pass from guest to guest, were set moving round the table.

"Come, Mr. Philosopher," exclaimed Fitz-

george, "taste the present pleasure, and leave the future pain to chance."

"I contend," said the philosopher, "that there is no such thing as chance. There is a concatenation of causes and effects eternally held together by the great chain of necessity."

"Pardon me, my good sir," said Fitzgeorge, interrupting him; "but I must beg that you will not interfere with the concatenation of causes and effects by holding the decanter eternally in your hand."

"Pardon me," said the philosopher in reply, "but I was thinking."

"Thinking!" exclaimed Borrowman, "how can you think of thinking in such good company as this?"

"Your business," said Fitzgeorge to the philosopher, "should rather be to make us think. Come, pass the bottle."

The philosopher did so, and the bottle came round to him again and again so rapidly, that it bewildered his faculties. Nor was it only

one who suffered; the lights danced and twinkled, the room reeled to many eyes, the tongues of many that had been comparatively silent were let loose, and there was a loud and manifold talking; and with a natural instinct all the talkers addressed their discourse to their host. In their cups, however, there was not a total oblivion of the dignity of their entertainer: they addressed him freely and familiarly, but not without a consciousness that in so doing they were taking a liberty which in a state of perfect sobriety they would not have presumed upon. Now there was eloquence from every tongue, and there was pathos in every tone;—smiles and tears, wit and wisdom, profanity and piety, indecency and fastidiousness, politeness and rudeness, keenness and stupidity—all were blended together in a babbling chaos from whence no light or order could be extracted. Attempts were made at consecutive discourse, but every attempt failed. The continuity of thought was broken in every mind, and no two

eyes in the whole party could look for two minutes steadily and steadfastly on one object. Hands were stretched out to bespeak attention, but no attention could be given, because no one was conscious of the movement save the individual who made it; voices were raised louder and louder one above another, but such was the disorder, they scarcely knew each man his own voice. The decanters which were made not to stand, were compelled to lie down—some on the floor, and some on the table, and some on seats deserted by their living occupants; the glasses that lacked feet soon lacked legs also, and in shining fragments lay scattered here and there. A cloudy and misty recollection of the various topics that had been discussed during the symposium still hovered about the recollection of some few of the party, and curious were the fragments of philosophic observation or witty remark which occasionally were blurted forth by those, whose tongues yet retained the power of articulation. Seated on the ground,

between two chairs, Borrowman still murmured forth his pungent witticisms, as the wounded soldier on the routed field lies firing at intervals the musket which he has barely strength to hold, but not steadiness to direct.

By the assistance of the domestics the party were separated and removed each to his respective residence ; but oblivion had crept upon them before they parted, and they knew not how they reached their homes.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEXT MORNING.

As it is morning all day long on some part of the globe or other, so it is morning all day long to some individuals or others in society. Fitzgeorge's morning commenced at half-past two o'clock P. M., when he awoke with a burning headache and a confused recollection. His first thought and greatest fear was, that in the familiarity of his symposium he had compromised his dignity, and had suffered greater license of speech, than the distance in rank between himself and some of his guests would warrant. By degrees his memory grew more

clear, the events of the preceding day stood more distinctly before his recollection, and he surveyed them not with perfect satisfaction. He was not well pleased with the language of the philosopher who had contended for the equality of human enjoyment, and for the powerlessness of man over his own destiny.

“I have health and strength,” said he to himself; “I have the hopes and appetites of youth. I have more in possession than most young men, far less to desire than any of my companions. There is not one with whom I would change places—there are many who would willingly change places with me. I have wealth to purchase every conceivable luxury, I have rank to command good society, I have manners and address to pass well in the world. I love homage, and can command it; for it is an honour in the estimation of many to be invited to my table, and it would be a punishment to be banished from my society. I can attract whomsoever I please to invite to my

society, and the moment that they become disagreeable I can dismiss them again. If I have political ambition, I can indulge myself there, for I have political influence. I can command the artist and can enjoy the arts. I can exclude all that is disagreeable and I can command all that is agreeable. Why then can I not have a life of pleasure unmingled with pain? What can prevent me from the fulness of human enjoyment? What should that lean-visaged man know of life and of its capacities? I will have no more of his society;—I will hear no more of his raven talk. I will lay it down as an invariable rule, never on any occasion to be departed from, to get speedily rid of every thing that annoys me, and to obtain at any price whatever pleases or attracts me. I will let my friends see that I can value and reward compliance with my humours, and that I can resent contradiction. I will enjoy the pleasures of society and familiarity, but I will not and need not compromise my dignity.

Many persons make themselves wretched by neglecting to use vigorous and decisive measures to rid themselves of annoyances. It shall not be so with me. Decision does much for the character in other respects, I will try what it will do in the matter of enjoyment."

Thus did Fitzgeorge reason with himself, and promise to himself the enjoyment of life. He knew well enough that many moral writers had abundantly and irrefragably proved that unmingled enjoyment is not the portion of humanity; but he could not help thinking that there might be an exception in some cases, and if in any, surely in his: for he had advantages that fall to the lot of few; he was above all fear of poverty or disdain; wealth and honour were his inheritance;—he was the eldest son and heir of Lord Fitzgeorge, a nobleman of high character, of ancient family and distinguished opulence;—he had been educated with most consummate care; tutors of the highest character for moral and intellectual qualifi-

cations had been engaged to store his mind with knowledge, and to develop the powers of his understanding;—an eye of the strictest attention had watched over his morals, and as his father and mother were remarkable for their punctilious observance of the duties and decors of life, they were anxious and hoping that their son might tread in their steps. As the young man on coming of age was destined to inherit a large fortune independent of his parents, a double vigilance seemed necessary to form him to such habits as should prevent the dangers arising from almost unlimited means of indulgence. He was therefore not initiated into habits of luxury, but care was taken to keep him from the society of such as might have any injurious influence over his mind. But it was impossible, and perhaps it was hardly attempted, to keep flattery away from his eye and ear. It was impossible for him, even in his very earliest days, not to see that he was regarded as a person of some importance. The

strictness of the discipline under which he was placed, the high character and high consideration of his tutors, the anxiety which they manifested for his improvement, the satisfaction and delight which they so loudly and warmly expressed at every indication of the success of their efforts, all tended to impress on the mind of Augustus Fitzgeorge that he was an individual of more than ordinary importance. He saw in very early youth that they who received homage from others paid homage to him, and he thus felt himself to be of a superior nature to those by whom he was surrounded. The studious frugality and plainness of his table, though mortifying to his appetite, was gratifying to his vanity; for though it was not a desirable distinction, it was a distinction. He saw readily and clearly enough that he was under no necessity of struggling into notice and forcing his way to eminence, for that by the very condition of his birth he was a person of consequence. He soon understood that fortune was

waiting his acceptance, not proffered to his diligence. Therefore, in the construction of those aërial castles, which are the favourite architecture of youth, he was not devising means of acquisition, but meditating modes of enjoyment. He was abundantly pleased with the consideration with which he was treated in a state of pupilage, and he anticipated that not less respect would be shown to him when arrived at the state of manhood, but that the restraints of minority would then be withdrawn. He regarded with equal distaste the plainness of his table and the strictness of his moral superintendence, and he anticipated with no small delight the time when he should be his own master, and should take under his own cognizance the ordering of his table, the selection of his associates, and the regulation of his morals. He had been initiated most completely into a high estimation of himself; he had experienced enough of the rigidity of restraint to long for liberty; and he had by the constrained tem-

perance of his boyhood, impatiently borne, been prepared for the wildness of unbridled luxury.

When, therefore, the time of his liberty arrived, and with it the means of indulgence, he was prepared for any excess and for every extravagance. He had the spirit of luxury, and he thought that he had its science in full perfection. In this apprehension, however, he was wrong ; for no man knows the science of life till he has spent all the days of his life, and when all is over he knows how it ought to have been regulated.

Scarcely had Fitzgeorge finished a late and yawning breakfast, when a reverend visitant was announced, a full-blown dignitary, who had experienced some of the beneficial effects of Lord Fitzgeorge's patronage, and was looking forward to the enjoyment of more. This reverend doctor was in a situation of some little difficulty. All his earthly hopes were fixed on the Fitzgeorge family. Lord Fitzgeorge had

still some livings in his gift which might fall during his lordship's life, or which might, for life is uncertain, be at the disposal of the next Lord Fitzgeorge. It was the doctor's policy, and a duty which he owed to himself and family, to conciliate the good will of the Fitzgeorges, both father and son; but it was not easy to stand well at the same time with a careful and rigid parent and with a careless and luxurious son;—and the mission on which he was now sent was one of expostulation and reproof. But all animals have an instinct of self-preservation, and the clerical animal not less, perhaps, than any other. When the doctor was ushered into the presence of Augustus Fitzgeorge, the young gentleman was reclining on a sofa, attired in a damask morning gown, and reading in a morning paper a poetical and exaggerated account of his own grand and select entertainment of the preceding day; for while the guests had been drawn home senselessly in their respective carriages, the busy sons of the press had been

compiling, composing, and printing a full, true, and particular account of the splendid dinner given by Augustus Fitzgeorge to some of the most distinguished wits, statesmen, and philosophers of the day, describing with great minuteness the magnificent furniture of the mansion and the superb appointments of the table. This morning paper had been at a much earlier hour in the hands of Lord Fitzgeorge, and he had seen with no great satisfaction an account of his son's extravagance, and a list of his son's companions. In much haste therefore, and in no little anger, he commissioned this reverend doctor to wait on Augustus, and to give him a serious admonition of the impropriety of his conduct. It was an unpleasant commission, but it must be executed. There are some well-disciplined countenances, which can blend with the grave frowns of moral rebuke the gentle smiles of courteous deference. They are fine paper editions of divinity lectures, superbly bound in calf extra, with gilt edges, and abundance of

blind-tooling. Such was the clerical expostulator who now presented himself to Augustus Fitzgeorge.

“It grieves me, sir,” said he, “to be the messenger of reproof; but I have it in command from your honoured father, Lord Fitzgeorge, to express the deep concern which he feels, that you have selected such unsuitable companions; and that in their society you have been led into such unbecoming excesses.”

The reverend doctor carefully watched the countenance of Fitzgeorge, which showed some symptoms, though but slight, of displeasure.

“I do not take it upon myself,” continued the messenger, “to dictate what should be the conduct of a gentleman so exalted in rank, and so distinguished in society. I merely fulfil the duty which, from my situation, devolves on me, of bearing to you your honoured father’s sentiments.”

“Doctor,” replied Fitzgeorge, “my honoured father has singular notions on many topics; and

I believe you have generally found that there is a difference of opinion between fathers and sons in the matter of conduct and enjoyment. Your profession also leads you to regard juvenile follies, as they are called, with rather more severity than they deserve."

"True, sir, very true," answered the doctor; it is highly proper that persons in my situation should preserve a degree of decorum in their sentiments and demeanour; yet I would not have you imagine that I am a mere ascetic, and that I inveterately set my face against all the enjoyments and innocent pleasures of life. True religion, Mr. Fitzgeorge—true religion is a cheerful and not a melancholy thing. True religion does not seek to deprive us of any real pleasure—it merely teaches us moderation in the use of the good things of this life. I consider it the business of my profession to render religion attractive to all persons. It is the beauty of religion that it adapts itself to all classes and

conditions in society. The highest are not above it, the lowest are not beneath it."

"Exactly so, doctor, I wish you had been of our party yesterday. We had with us a gloomy philosopher who would fain have persuaded us that there is a perfect and absolute equality of enjoyment in the human condition."

"Blasphemy! blasphemy!" replied the doctor; "nothing is so hostile to true religion as philosophy. Ever while you live, my dear sir, avoid the society of philosophers. Gloom and philosophy are both hostile to religion; and as for equality—you are the last person in the world who should give countenance to any thing like the doctrine of equality."

"I assure you, doctor, I gave no countenance to his doctrine, but I punished him for the promulgation of it by laying him under the table. He was the first that fell."

The doctor frowned a smiling frown and said, "It was right to punish him, but I question

whether it was not wrong to punish him through the medium of intoxication, for intoxication is not one of the Christian virtues, it is rather a sin."

"A sin," replied Fitzgeorge, "that brings its own punishment with it."

"Right," said the doctor, with a smile of approbation, "perfectly right. I see that you have very just views, and you have only to act up to them. As I have said before, and as I often say in my public ministrations, religion does not interfere with any of our real comforts, but only prohibits those things which would be injurious to us."

"Then, if I understand you rightly," replied Fitzgeorge, "religion does not prohibit drinking, but merely drunkenness."

"It is so, most undoubtedly," replied the doctor; "and drinking in moderation, that is to say, in moderation, is a pleasure; Scripture itself saith, 'Wine rejoiceth man's heart.' But drinking to excess is painful and injurious."

"Therefore," said Fitzgeorge, "it is irreli-

gious, because it is unwholesome. Very good. But, doctor, is there no excuse to be ever made for a little exuberance of vivacity, for an occasional excess?"

"Certainly, I would not be so rigid as to deny that there may be some cases in which an extraordinary cup may not be sinful; and sometimes it may happen that the most cautious are off their guard. But there is nothing to be so carefully avoided as vicious principles. They poison the very fountain of morality and the source of action. It has been rumoured that you have shown too great an inclination to countenance persons of licentious principles. It really shocks me to think that any gentleman at your table should presume to say a word in favour of equality, a doctrine subversive of all order and decorum and good government. A more pernicious notion could never by any means take possession of the mind of man."

"Your pardon, doctor," replied Fitzgeorge; "my philosophical visiter said not a word in

favour of political equality of condition ; he merely contended for the equality of human enjoyment, whatever might be the inequality of position or situation."

"A worse doctrine still, if possible," said the doctor, "for it is nearly blasphemy, and contrary to all human experience. Is it not clear that the Creator favours some of his creatures more highly than others ? Is not England a highly-favoured country, blessed above all other countries on the face of the globe ? And are not the nobles of this highly-favoured country blessed with peculiar and distinguished blessings ? Now, yourself, for instance—I speak it not to flatter you, for flattery becomes not my sacred profession—but are you not in possession of all that heart could wish or humanity desire ? You have rank, you have wealth, you have youth, you have the advantage of a fine person, of a superior understanding, and of a well-furnished mind ;—and have you not, therefore, higher and brighter prospects of hap-

piness than the great multitude and mass of common people, whom Providence hath not so highly favoured?"

"That is exactly my notion of the matter," said Fitzgeorge; "and I intend to act upon the principle, and to enjoy life as well and as heartily as I can."

"Right, my good sir, very right, it would be ungrateful in you not to enjoy life. 'To enjoy is to obey,' as the poet hath it. It is not a supposable case that Providence hath furnished mankind with the means of enjoyment without intending that they should be used."

"Then, doctor, you are not of the same opinion as my philosophical friend; you do not admit of the equality of human enjoyment."

"I should be very sorry," said the doctor, "to entertain any opinion in common with a philosopher. [I do not know any set of men more pernicious to society than philosophers. They turn the world upside down, and introduce confusion and every evil work. If it were

not for philosophers, the world would go on quietly and regularly enough; men would fear God, honour the king, pay tithes and taxes, mind their own business, and be thankful for all the blessings of a good government;—but now-a-days, alas! instead of that beautiful order, we find all the world dissatisfied and discontented; no one knows what he would have; all the old landmarks are broken up, and people, instead of reverently obeying the laws, and piously attending to religious instruction, are presuming to speak evil of dignities, and obtruding their unholy criticism and impertinence even on the sacred functions of a regularly ordained priesthood. Such men as Leppard and Borrowman are, notwithstanding their great and acknowledged talents, seriously guilty in encouraging such disaffection. Lord Fitzgeorge is especially grieved that you should associate with such men—men who are of such mischievous politics too.”

“My worthy friend,” replied Fitzgeorge,

“you know that I do not trouble myself much with politics; and as for Leppard and Borrowman, they have not much sympathy with the rabble, or they would never pay their court so assiduously to me.”

“And I am sure,” said the doctor, “that it does not become me to meddle with politics. All that I know of politics is what I learn from the Bible, which teaches me that every soul should be subject to the higher powers, and that the powers that be are ordained of God. It has always been the concern and care of my life to treat my superiors with respect; and I hope that in conveying the paternal admonition to you on the present occasion, I have not shown myself wanting in the deference due to exalted rank.”

“By no means,” said Fitzgeorge, making at the same time that kind of movement which sagacious men so well understand as being a signal of leave to depart. The reverend doctor took his leave, rejoicing in the dexterity with

which he had contrived to give most grave advice without offence, and pleased with the powerful logic by which he had proved the agreeableness of religion.

On the departure of the divine, there sprung up in the mind of Fitzgeorge another set of reflections. "I like," said he to himself, "the sensual religion of this priest far better than the rigid moroseness of the affected philosopher. I profess myself to be neither philosophical nor religious; philosophy is a mere *ignis fatuus*; philosophers are only respected by philosophers, the rest of the world understands them not. In all but their philosophy they are fools, and perhaps in that too. A deep philosophy is not fit for a gentleman, and a shallow philosophy suits not my ambition. The frowns of thought spoil the countenance, the abstraction of investigation produce absence of mind and constraint of manners. As for religion—it will be time enough for me to think of that fifty years hence. My father is religious—after a fashion; he says

his prayers at church much louder than I do—and by the same rule, at the theatre he laughs much more heartily than I do; but he is as full of craft as those who say no prayers at all, and can be as pettish and ill-humoured as those who never laugh. I will heed neither philosophy nor religion, but will frame my conduct on a surer basis—my own apprehension of what is good and desirable.”

CHAPTER. III.

FIRST-LOVE.

WHEN so brilliant a star as Fitzgeorge appeared in the hemisphere of life, all eyes were fixed upon it with a gaze of admiration, and astonishment. Some looked with envy as well as admiration, but homage was paid by all; for envy is homage, and so is calumny and a loud detraction. Fitzgeorge was the universal model;—he was the centre to which every eye was directed, and the topic on which all tongues discoursed. In public he was the point of attraction; at theatres no pathos of tragedy nor humour of comedy could draw the general attention from him. In

the crowded assembly, where all pressed round him, yet reverence preserved an unincumbered space about him ; partly, perhaps, from a feeling of respect, and partly also that his fine figure and commanding port might be seen to better advantage. When he spoke every tongue was silent, every ear attentive, and every eye was fixed with reverend observance. Was he disposed to be humorous ? The ready laugh or graceful smile was at his command from every countenance. Did he affect wisdom ? He was an oracle. Did he discourse on matters of taste ? There was but one opinion among his auditors, and that one opinion was his. Fashion from him had no appeal. His word was a law to which more reverence was paid than to the gospel. Nature had conferred upon him the dictatorship in all matters of dress and decoration ; in the realm of ornament he was supreme and absolute. Fair eyes gazed upon him admiringly, but amidst the myriads that admired, few, very few, were they who could aspire to his hand ; the admiration which was without hope

was also without fear. At a distance haughty, and apparently reserved, yet on a nearer approach such were the fascinations of his manners, that the haughtiness which was known was not felt. There is in some minds a gratitude for admiration and a readiness to return the compliment. It was not so with Fitzgeorge; he accepted it as a due, and he so far deserved it, that he laboured hard to attain it. Nor only did he study to gain admiration, but heartily did he enjoy it, when he had gained it. When many eyes were fixed on him in public he was deeply conscious of the honouring gaze. Thus were his thoughts driven backward upon himself, and wherever he moved he had a lesson of self-love, which he was but too apt to learn. Yet he thought that he could love.

As the sublime and the ridiculous are separated by an inconceivably short interval, so is there in a first-love either the utmost seriousness of profound feeling, or the weakest and most contemptible selfishness and self-ignorance.

There is scarcely a single interest in human nature, or accident of being, that tries and develops the mind so completely as a first-love. In all subsequent attachments, except when a man is in his dotage, there is something of design, of intention, of reflection ; but in a first-love there is an overwhelming of all the faculties, a revolution of all the feelings, a confusion of the vision, and a paralysis of the judgment ; the multitudinous world then seems to contain but two beings. There is then to the lover but one being worthy of regard, there is but one image in his mind and one thought in his heart. The whole aspect of nature is changed to him ! Sun, moon, and stars, the bright blue sky, and the verdant fields, have no beauty in his eyes but as they are blended with thoughts of his beloved one. He that had lived for many objects, and in whose mind there had been manifold ambitions, has now but one object for which he lives, and but one ambition to which his thoughts can be directed. All other joys to him

are sorrows, and all other society to him is solitude. There is one with whom all trials, toils, and difficulties can be cheerfully met, and without whom there is neither light in the day nor beauty in nature. There is one for whom the lover is prepared to sacrifice wealth, luxury, life—every thing but the pride of rank.

It was Fitzgeorge's lot to lose his heart, if a man may be said to lose that which he never had, to one at such an immense distance from himself in rank, that for a while he could scarcely believe his senses. It has been said, and it will be seen, that it was the deliberate intention and decided study of his mind to enjoy life to the utmost of its capacity of enjoyment, to seek after pleasure wherever it was to be found, and to purchase it at whatever price it might cost; in a word, to sacrifice every thing to pleasure, and to sacrifice pleasure to nothing—save to his pride, which was his greatest pleasure. As it was his object to enjoy a life of pleasure, he looked for it where the world ordinarily says that it is to

be found, and where every body goes to seek for it—in public assemblies—in halls of festivity—in theatres—in masquerades. In these places was his vanity gratified, and he was admired by many, though there were but few that he admired. But there stole upon him imperceptibly a passionate admiration of one of those, whose profession it is to mimic the joys and sorrows of human life—converting into an amusing poetry the dull prose of actual being.

“ You are unusually attentive to the play to-night,” said Sir William Dangle to Augustus Fitzgeorge, at the close of the fourth act of *Romeo and Juliet*.

Fitzgeorge almost sighed—when waking from his reverie, he said, “ I never till now saw the beauty of Shakspeare’s genius. His conception of the character of Juliet is superb.”

“ The actors do something for a play,” said Dangle.

“ The Juliet does every thing for this,” replied Fitzgeorge: “ as for the Romeo, methinks I

could enact the character better myself. There is no passion—no sentiment. The fellow is as cold as moonlight !”

“ Does there not appear,” said Dangle, “ a little affectation in Juliet ?”

“ Affectation !” exclaimed Fitzgeorge, almost angrily.

Dangle, who did not presume to differ from Fitzgeorge, and who was afraid, as the old saying hath it, to call his soul his own in Fitzgeorge’s presence, backed hastily out of the accusation, and defined affectation to mean nothing but what was sublime, pretty, beautiful, agreeable, or any thing that Fitzgeorge pleased.

“ We do sometimes see,” continued Fitzgeorge, “ performers throw such a new life and spirit into an old play, as though the character, which was written a hundred years ago, was made expressly and exclusively for them. I have seen many Juliets, but never one like this.”

Sir William Dangle was going to speak again, but the curtain rose, and Fitzgeorge gave him a

look which signified silence, and that look was obeyed. It had usually been Fitzgeorge's practice at the theatre to amuse himself rather with the audience than with the performance—to enjoy the involuntary admiration of the multitude of eyes attracted by the gracefulness of his person and the splendour of his dress; but on the present occasion all this was forgotten. He saw nothing but Juliet—he cared for nothing but Juliet: his eyes were fixed upon her, as though he was fascinated. It seemed for a while that he would set the unfashionable fashion of attention to the business of the stage. His attention, however, as it was seen by some more knowing than himself, was not on the performance so much as on the performer: his sympathy was not with the mimic Juliet, but with the real and actual individual who performed the character: he cared for the living being, not for the poetic abstraction; and when the curtain fell, his eager eyes seemed straining as though they would prevent its fall,

or lift it again to gaze once more on the lovely form that had so sweetly imitated death.

A party supped with Fitzgeorge after the play. For the first and perhaps last time in his life, he was heedless of those around him. There was wit from the witty—gaiety from the gay—and wisdom from the wise; but wit, gaiety, and wisdom had no charms for him—his thoughts were in the tomb of the Capulets. There were new luxuries on the table, and new decorations in the apartments, to catch the eyes and admiration of his guests; but he heeded not the luxuries, the decorations, or his guests. If the name of Juliet was mentioned, his eye kindled up with new lustre, and his heart beat quick with new emotions. All this abstraction and all this emotion were of course unobserved by himself, or he would have used some effort to subdue them.—They were not, however, unobserved by his guests; for he was a person of too much importance, and was too much a centre of the world's eye, for any movement of his mind or feature to

pass unnoticed. He never spoke a word that fell unheeded from his lips, nor did a thought ever cross his mind, or a passion disturb his breast, giving to his look an appearance of emotion, without exciting the sagacity and conjectures of those around him.

The following morning there was no newspaper on Fitzgeorge's breakfast table.—“What's the meaning of this omission?” said Fitzgeorge hastily and haughtily to his valet. This anger was caused by an impatience to read what was said in the morning papers concerning the beauty and pathos of Juliet. The absence of the paper was owing to the fact that the valet had previously seen that there was a paragraph in it alluding too pointedly to his master.

Not having invented an excuse for the absence of the paper, or not having determined which to select of the many lies, which occurred to him in simultaneous abundance, the servant hesitated and was confused.

“ I insist on having a paper this instant. Fly, sirrah ! and if you wish to keep your place let me have every morning paper that is published.”

Fitzgeorge was not to be disobeyed, and the papers were brought. The affairs of Europe were as the dust of the balance in comparison with the affairs of Drury Lane Theatre. On that part of the paper which criticized the dramatic performances his eye first rested ; with an intense eagerness he perused every line that spoke of Juliet till he fancied himself to be the real Romeo. The scene was recalled to his mind's eye, and the music of that sweet voice was heard again. He saw again the soft languishing look which, even during the performance, had so often met his admiring and undeviating gaze. But, saddest sight of all, he saw that the ignominious people of the press had dared to profane his name by placing it in their columns satirically. He had the mortification to read as follows.

“ Some idea may be formed of the powerful

performance of Juliet when we say that the Hon. Augustus Fitzgeorge, who usually amuses himself at the theatre rather more with the audience than with the performance, was so attracted by the fascinations of the acting or of the actress, that when Juliet was on the stage his attention was not for a moment withdrawn. We thought, but we might be mistaken, that he occasionally showed symptoms of deep emotion ; we thought that more than once we observed in him an illustration of the poet's words, and that he

Unable to conceal his pain,

Gazed at the fair

Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked and sighed and looked again.

Fitzgeorge scowled disdainfully, and drew himself up to the full attitude of supreme contempt for the arrogant presumption of the nameless reptiles who dared to profane his name with their insolent banter. There is

something in a good hearty fit of profound contempt and bouncing pride, which, though somewhat ludicrous, is not altogether ridiculous. Pride may be ridiculous, but when it is carried with a high hand and a hearty spirit, the ridiculousness of the feeling is lost in the sublimity of the earnestness with which it is developed.

Sir William Dangle was announced. "My dear Dangle," said Fitzgeorge, "I am at home to nobody but you this morning."

This Sir William Dangle was a young gentleman of fair aspect, of mild manners, and gentle demeanour. He had nothing to do with his time and talents but to adorn his person and get rid of the day. He was always very happy to make himself useful to his superiors, and so good-humoured as never to be rude or insolent to his inferiors. In a word, he was one of those whom the world calls a pretty fellow;—he lived upon the surface of life as carelessly and lightly as the bodyless flies that skim the surface of a summer stream.

“ Read that,” said Fitzgeorge.

Dangle took the paper and did as he was bid, though he had read it all before ; but it was all in the day’s business, for it was his business to do whatever Fitzgeorge might please to command him.

“ What do you think of that ? ”

“ Think ! ” said Dangle, who did not know what to think till Fitzgeorge told him.

“ Ay, think,” replied Fitzgeorge ; “ is it not villanous ? ”

“ Scandalous,” replied Dangle.

“ But she is a lovely creature.”

“ Beautiful,” answered Dangle, who was then almost in love with her himself, if Fitzgeorge had not commanded otherwise.

“ You sometimes attend the rehearsals, and gossip in the green room.”

“ Occasionally I do. I was there this morning.”

“ Ay,” said Fitzgeorge, eagerly, “ yes—yes—there this morning—well—so—how did she look ? ”

“Lovely, interesting.”

“Had she seen the papers?—Was my name mentioned?—Was any remark made?—Did you converse with her?”

“I believe that some one observed that there was at least one admirer of the performance of Juliet.”

“Alluding to me?” said Fitzgeorge.

“Or to me?” said Dangle.

“To you?” exclaimed Fitzgeorge, in such a tone as convinced the worthy baronet that he must not for a moment presume to be an admirer. “You must attend the rehearsal tomorrow, and discover who and what she is,—and—and—you must take a note to her.”

Dangle knew it must come to this, and he sighed bitterly, but concealed his sorrows from Fitzgeorge. “Suppose,” said he, “the affair should come to the knowledge of Lord Fitzgeorge.”

“Let it: I heed it not.”

“ But if I am seen in the business, I shall lose my good name with Lord Fitzgeorge.”

“ And if you are not, you will lose your good name with me. Dangle, mark me—I am not to be trifled with !”

“ But what will Lord Fitzgeorge say? He must certainly hear of it. The papers will make town talk of it.”

“ What he will say to me is nothing to you ; and what he may say to you is nothing to me. Settle that matter with yourself.—I am Romeo, and you must bear a letter to my Juliet: you must convey my vows of eternal fidelity.”

Fitzgeorge wrote with his own hand, and sealed with his own seal, a note which contained nonsense enough to win the silliest heart that ever beat in a fair, frail bosom. This note Sir William Dangle, as in duty bound, took to Juliet’s lodgings. Dangle had not acknowledged to Fitzgeorge that he was in the habit of visiting this lady at her lodgings, and that he

was in the almost daily practice of calling and sitting there for two or three hours every morning and entertaining her with his insipid prate and meaningless looks, mistaking softness for tenderness.

Juliet, for by that name alone we shall call her, was young, beautiful, interesting, romantic,—a creature of sensibility, looking around her for pathos and poetry, fancying that life was made for nothing but tenderness and sentimentality, breathing sighs with every breath, and throwing languishment into every look. She had been attracted to the stage by the pure passion for romance; the reality of life was too harsh and cold for her; she was only happy in the utterance of passion's wildest language, and in the expression of those emotions which belong to a heart full of impulse and void of balance. In the performance of those characters which delineate the mere woman, the being of susceptibility and tenderness, she was quite at home. She studied, indeed, but little was the

study she needed; and to good effect was that study given. As yet she had not met with any being in the world answerable to those fairy-tale notions which had crept into her infant mind, and which had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength; even on the stage, all her passion in the character of Juliet had been directed, not to the living personification of the Romeo that was before her participating in the labours of the mimic scene: there was, however, on the night that Fitzgeorge visited the theatre, a realization of the vision of her romantic notion in his fine person and graceful manners; the smile that placidly played on his approving features as he looked with applause on the successful efforts of the impassioned actress, the manliness of his figure, and courtesy of his demeanour as he received and returned the accidental homage of those near him; the fine exclusive pride which played like a halo of glory around him, lifting him, as it were, above the earth, were enough, and more

than enough, to captivate the heart of young simplicity, and to dazzle the imagination which had never submitted itself to the cooler restraints of judgment. Juliet that night acted with her heart and with her eyes; the lustre of confiding love, the passionate tenderness of unsuspecting credulity, the glee of a nameless and a boundless hope, the overflowings of a passionate heart, guileless, but for the simple vanity that moved it, threw into the personification such an exquisite reality, and so superb a spirit of poetry, that the house was in a rapture of admiration and applause. To this passionate and simple creature—yet not altogether simple—Sir William Dangle came as a messenger of Fitz-george's love.

Dangle himself, as we have said, was a frequent attendant at Juliet's lodgings, and he would often accompany the sweet singing of her lovely voice with the violin, and sometimes he would join her in some languishing duetto, imagining himself and Juliet a pair of turtle

doves. But now his mission was of a far different kind ; a harsher duty now devolved upon him and a more severe employment was destined for him. He entered the apartment with a graver aspect, an air of embarrassment hung about him, and he appeared very much indeed like an awe-stricken lover, conscious of his presumption in aspiring to the hand of an angel. Women have eyes keen as light and quick as lightning ! they can read deep thoughts, if there be passion in their depth. Juliet saw that there was constraint and hesitation in Sir William's look ; Juliet suspected, but for a moment, that the baronet was framing his lips and summoning up his courage to tell a tender tale, and send his soul in sighs. The messenger of Fitzgeorge's love now drew the tender billet from its perfumed abode, and with an imperfectly suppressed sigh presented it to the fair hands for which it was destined. The seal was visible, but Juliet looked as though she saw it not.

“ Shall I read it immediately ? ”

“ Immediately.”

There was a profound silence ;—a silence so profound that Juliet heard the beating of her heart. Sir William looked on the ground or he might have seen the superbest blush that ever came into a lovely countenance, rendering it ten thousand times more lovely than ever. For some seconds after she had read the note Juliet was speechless—Sir William looked for a reply—the only signature to the note was, “ Romeo.” Who was Romeo ? Juliet could guess but would not say. Prettily feigning an ignorance of the writer, she asked with as much calmness as she could collect, “ Who is Romeo ? ”

“ Can you not guess ? Who should he be ? ” the fair one simperingly said, “ Who but Sir William Dangle can it be ? ”

Sir William placed his right hand on his left side, and bowing with much humility and sheepish diffidence, replied, “ Surely you cannot

think that I should be guilty of such presumption."

"Who can it be?"

The baronet pointed to the seal. "'Tis absolutely impossible," said Juliet, from whose mind the image of the gay and gallant Fitzgeorge had not departed for a single instant from the very moment that looks of intelligence had passed between them;—"Fitzgeorge! the graceful, the gentle Fitzgeorge—no—no—Sir William, you are mocking me—I may not believe it."

"Not believe it!" exclaimed the baronet, who was astonished that any one should disbelieve what he knew to be a fact, and who could not think it possible that Juliet was affecting ignorance and incredulity; "you must have observed the marked attention he gave to every passage of your performance, and you cannot have forgotten the graceful bow with which he honoured you, and the smile with which he received your acknowledgment of his condescension."

“ Forget ! oh, ’tis impossible to forget, and as impossible not to admire. But can one in his exalted sphere deign to regard with more than a passing approbation so humble a being as I ? Sir William, you know the simplicity of my poor heart, and you are making sport of me.” Then, suddenly checking herself and altering the tone of her voice, she said, “ Ah ! what have I said ?—Is this notice an honour ?—Have I cause to be proud of it ? No—no—’tis humiliating—’tis dishonourable ? ”

Offering the note again to the bearer, Juliet continued in a tone of well-feigned gravity : “ I must beg that you will be pleased, Sir William Dangle, to return this note to him from whom you received it, and to say from me that I cannot, may not, must not commence a correspondence which will certainly terminate in misery. Ever shall I look up to him with profound respect ! I shall ever regard him as the first and best of men, an honour to the human

species—but I dare not listen to the proposals herein contained. Think what the pious and the good Lord Fitzgeorge would say! Oh, it would break his fatherly heart! Think too of the strict decorum of Lady Fitzgeorge!”

Sir William Dangle was completely posed. He knew not what to say or what to think. Having been in the habit of looking up to Fitzgeorge as one whose very wishes were commands, and whose words demanded an unquestioning obedience, he was surprised at the request to take back the note and to pronounce the negotiation at an end almost as soon as it had commenced. But Juliet was as good an actress off the stage as on. The sentimental drama was her forte; so that in the present instance she imposed most effectually on Sir William Dangle, who thought that his embassy had altogether failed, and that he had nothing to carry back to his employer but intelligence that Juliet was inexorable.

“ But you will not send the note back again ;
it will be more courteous to write.”

“ And more politic,” thought Juliet ;—she
wrote accordingly, and kept the charming
Romeo’s billet to muse on in her solitude.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEGOTIATION.

FITZGEORGE was in love, deeply, desperately, but not despairingly. Actually there were moments when he thought of Juliet with so passionate an emotion and with such an overwhelming interest, that he almost imagined that he could be happier with her in a cottage than without her in a palace; and so perhaps he could have been for a month or two. When he read the pretty, modest, poetical and sentimental note which Juliet had written to him, he sighed over it—he wept over it. He sat in solitude in a superb saloon, and lifting up his eyes to the

gilded roof, could not but admire the taste which he had displayed in devising such splendid forms of decoration; he looked round on the walls where hung the choicest specimens of the productions of the first artists in the world, and he was proud of the tact which could distinguish their excellence and of the wealth that could purchase them; he looked on the sumptuous furniture of the apartment, and all was perfect; he surveyed his own form reflected from a lofty mirror which stood before him, and he rejoiced in the thought that there was perfection in that form. His imagination wandered away from the scene before him to halls of festivity, and he recollected the homage with which he was there received, and anticipated a homage yet more complete on some future day, when the title of the great Lord Fitzgeorge should be his, and when he should have nothing to desire. There was nothing within and nothing without, nothing in the past, nothing in the future to disturb, terrify, or annoy him; he was,

or at least he thought that he ought to be, the happiest of mortals, the most enviable and the most envied of the human species; but still there was a drop of bitterness in his cup. The thought of Juliet dwelt painfully on his mind, yet painful as was the thought, he would not for worlds have been without it.

“With Juliet,” said he to himself, “I should be the happiest of mortals, without her I am the most wretched. What avails the splendour that surrounds me? What the value of the homage, with which I am every where received? What the use of the treasures which have been poured into my coffers? What the satisfaction of my exalted rank and my honourably distinguished name? But a few days ago I thought that every thing that heart could desire was within my reach, and now the very luxuries, in which I gloried and exulted, grow flat and insipid. Is there any truth in the sentiment of the morose philosopher, that every condition of life must have its annoyances, that pain is pur-

chased by pleasure, and pleasure by pain? No, no; it cannot be. Nothing is wanting now to my perfect happiness but to call Juliet mine; mine by the bonds of an undying affection, by bonds stronger than human laws!"

He paused awhile in his meditations, and then again the current of his thoughts took another direction. "I am almost tempted," continued he, in his soliloquy, "to envy the free condition of the humbler race of mortals who, having no dignity of rank to maintain, can marry whom they will, and can enjoy their quiet homes in peace, independent of the world's eye and heedless of its idle talk."

It was not long that such envy dwelt in the breast of Fitzgeorge. The strong and decided taste for ostentation, for the luxury of the eye, which was one of the most inseparable of his passions, recovered its dominion, and it may be more than suspected that he would not have surrendered any of the pomps of his station, could he even by the sacrifice have made Juliet

his own. Another and another perfumed billet found its way to the escrutoire of Juliet, who punctually and prettily answered them. As these answers were conveyed through the hands of Sir William Dangle, and as the young lady had not yet had any interview with Fitzgeorge, they were always expressed with the utmost caution, and as it were, with some lurking suspicion of the identity of the writer with the individual whose name they bore. Written protestations could not meet and obviate this difficulty; and Fitzgeorge more than once meditated a personal visit to the fascinating actress. But though of age, and so far independent, he had some little fear of Lord Fitzgeorge before his eyes, nor was he altogether desirous of the eclat which such a visit would give him with the public press. His visits, however, to the theatre, were more frequent; and his attention to the hesitating and doubting fair one, was more decided and unequivocal. There he thought not how many eyes were upon him; but heed-

less of all observation, his whole soul was engrossed by one object, and all his ingenuity was brought into exercise to give intimations to Juliet, that he was veritably the writer of the sweet notes, which she had so romantically, so modestly, and so unbelievably answered. There was such an ineffable grace in his manners, such a fascination in his fine eyes, so sweet a condescension in his smile, he was altogether—so Juliet thought—a model of manly and gentlemanly perfection. Her eyes told him that she adored him; and as she had eyes only for him in all the crowded theatre, she thought not of the myriads of eyes which were fixed on her, some censoriously and some jealously.

When the performance at the theatre was over, Juliet would retire to her lodgings, and would bring before her mind's eye an image of the graceful Fitzgeorge, and she would invest that image with all poetic colouring and unearthly glory. To her mind he was the only living being that answered to her notion of a

perfect character. Perfection to different minds is a word which has different meanings ; to some it presents moral notions, to others intellectual, but to the mind of Juliet it presented only the elements which in their combination form the romantic. Her's indeed was not the romance of historic chivalry, but of an outrageous and girl-ish sentimentality. Her apprehension of mental qualities was intensely and essentially superficial. The grace that could turn a sentence and modulate a period, was to her the understanding that could evolve an idea. The music of the voice was to her ear and apprehension the harmony of the soul ; she saw nothing deeper than the smile which played on the features ; and with all the mere mechanism of outward manners, her fancy blended every pleasing or desirable attribute of mind. A passion for Fitzgeorge took possession of her heart, and she knew it not. She thought that she might innocently and harmlessly admire, with an admiration bordering on idolatry, one so far above her. She could

not but know the meaning of the correspondence which he had commenced, but she wilfully shut her eyes to it, and indulged herself in thoughts of the goodness, kindness, and gentleness of heart, which distinguished Fitzgeorge in her imagination above all other human beings. Perhaps she did not think how much the elegance of his manners and the beauty of his person, and the eclat of his rank, contributed to heighten, if not to form, this goodness, kindness, and gentleness of heart. While she seemed to herself to be gently blaming his passionate condescension, and proving to herself the utter impossibility of continuing the correspondence, she was in reality merely devising means to form the arrangement contemplated by her gallant and graceful lover. As soon as her imagination had started a difficulty, that same imagination heard the sweet voice of Fitzgeorge musically removing the difficulty, and softly dispersing her fears.

Fitzgeorge was young and inexperienced. He

knew not, nor could he discern, that which all others could see, the love of Juliet for him. Intensely and heartily as a vain man may flatter and persuade himself that all who see and hear him must admire him, it is not easy for the vainest of men, when passionately in love, to discover in the beloved object the passionate return of that love. It may perhaps be laid down as a general axiom, that the more deeply a young man is in love, the less able is he to detect symptoms of love in another ; and when a lover sees that he is beloved, then there frequently follows a growing indifference towards the hitherto beloved. These common-place notions Fitzgeorge had not yet learned ; he might have heard of them, or have read of them in books, but he believed them not, because he apprehended them not. So his love for Juliet was yet more and more sincere ; his thoughts were incessantly occupied about her, and he cared comparatively little for all the other interests of life. The various artists who were in ordinary requi-

sition with their skill and toil to decorate his person and his dwelling, found him comparatively indifferent to them. When contemplating some new design for decorative furniture, he would manifest a strange absence of mind, and interrupt the examination of a pattern by the heaving of a lover's sigh. As yet Fitzgeorge had little to do with political business, but men of politics were about him and political talk was frequently their topic. Liberality of sentiment was his profession, and he affected to rank himself in the Opposition. But when the passion for Juliet had taken possession of him, he cared for neither Whig nor Tory, and he had no spirit to enter into the agitating topics of the day.

A young man of very high rank, of very large fortune, and of still larger expectations, has, of course, a great number of friends; and the friends of such a one generally consider it a part of their duty, and a manifestation of their friendship, to humour him in all his caprices, and to countenance him in all his follies. They

are his friends not so much from friendship to him as from friendship to themselves, and they know that they can only continue to be his friends so long as they are subservient to his purposes, and are compliant with his humours. The friends of Fitzgeorge saw that he had lost his heart, and that he was dying for the lovely Juliet. They consulted one with another, and they agreed that it was a sad pity that the peace, happiness, character, and reputation of a young lady of no rank or fortune should be in the way of Fitzgeorge's happiness, and not be sacrificed to a passion which they did not suppose likely to endure many months. Sir William Dangle, as having been the messenger from Fitzgeorge to Juliet, was a principal person in the consultations which were held on this momentous topic. As man, being lord of the creation, exercises his lordship over the animals which he can subdue by his strength, or manage by his craftiness, eating those which he likes to eat, killing those which it is sport to kill, tormenting others which

it may be amusing to torment, and making slaves of such as have strength to labour and docility to be taught,—as man does all this with the utmost coolness, and without the slightest degree of compunction, regarding it as the immutable law of nature, that the weaker should submit to the stronger, and that the inferior should minister to the wants or caprices of the superior, so in his demeanour towards his own species he acts upon the same principles, and is moved by the same impulses. He seems to think that the offences of the weaker towards the stronger are of a nature so heinous, as to require the visitation of a most tremendous punishment, but that the offences of the stronger towards the weaker are exceedingly venial, scarcely deserving reproof. He seems to think that the possessions of the weak are the property of the strong, and that it is a kind of profane rebellion in the inferior to withhold ought from the superior. On this principle man acts, and gravely admires the beautiful gradations of rank which hold toge-

ther, as he fancies, the mystic chain of social being.

Be this as it may, it is certain that Fitzgeorge's friends thought it the absurdest thing in the world that Juliet should hesitate to sacrifice herself to one so immensely her superior. Even Juliet herself, to the shame of humanity be it spoken, was blinded by the brilliance of rank and the dazzle of wealth, and admitted a deliberation on a proposal, which would have been rejected with stern disdain, if coming from one of lower grade in society than the gay and fascinating Fitzgeorge.

Sir William Dangle, in his visits to Juliet, was accompanied by other friends of Fitzgeorge; men past the confines of thoughtless youth—bearing titles at which the multitude is taught to stare with undefinable reverence. It was no longer a doubt with her now that Fitzgeorge was in earnest, passionately, sincerely in earnest.—She heard from the lips of grave and titled senators, that Fitzgeorge was dying for her—her

head grew dizzy with vanity, and her heart swelled with sympathy. It was sad, indeed, to think that so good, so generous, so noble a being as Fitzgeorge, should for a moment suffer on her account. In imagination she heard his sighs and saw his tears—sighs more graceful—tears more brilliant than ever hero of romance had heard or shed. The convenient baronet, at one of his visits, presented to Juliet a miniature of her innamorato set in gold, and adorned with pearls. Dull was the gold and worthless the pearls in her estimation, compared with the interesting resemblance of the gentle Fitzgeorge. On those features, so familiar to her mind's eye, and so dear to her romantic heart, the lovely Juliet looked and sighed and meditated :—the voice, indeed, was not familiar to her ear, but she gave, by the exercise of an active and fond imagination, a voice of music to those features of harmony and gracefulness. Miniature portraits are made for lovers—they soften the features, and they bring the resemblance into so

condensed a form, that only one pair of eyes can gaze upon it at once.

Juliet's doubts and fears now began to disperse—her scruples grew lighter and fainter, till at length they vanished into thin air. Seated at her toilet, with the portrait of Fitzgeorge before her, and thinking deeply of the labours and toils of her theatrical profession, which, so far from promising any support for the latter days of her life, was scarcely adequate to meet the unavoidable expenses of the passing hour—knowing the generosity of Fitzgeorge, and calculating, not wisely indeed, on the permanence of his attachment from the strength of her own affection, she was prepared to consent to a meeting. In contemplating the arrangement proposed by Fitzgeorge, a complete revolution of feeling had taken place. No longer did she regard it in the light of a transgression, but took to herself a degree of merit for the heroism with which she would dare to brave the world's opinion for the dear sake of her gentle Fitzgeorge. Pleasant

and curious to all but those who use them are the sophistries by which people give to the acts of their inclination the aspect of virtue. The world's censure—the grave anger of the good Lord Fitzgeorge—the virtuous indignation of the punctilious Lady Fitzgeorge—were now forgotten, or regarded with indifference.

At length, when sufficient previous talk and interchange of notes had been made, and when Fitzgeorge's friends had assured him, that matters had now proceeded far enough to justify him, on the score of policy, in making regular proposals in the form of a handsome settlement, the young lover, in the ardour of his new passion, drew up and sent by his faithful negociator a bond for several thousand pounds, forming to the mind and apprehension of Juliet a handsome independence for the remainder of life, let what might befall her in the chapter of human accidents. Gazing on the bond with a pleasing kind of incredulity, which was just enough to delay and prolong the pleasure of receiving the delightful intelligence,

Juliet admired and almost adored the generosity of her gallant and graceful lover.

“ Yet what,” said she to herself, in a passion of romance, “ is all the wealth in the world, compared with the smiles and affections of my dear Fitzgeorge? Have I not the supreme felicity, the enviable happiness, of calling the best, the kindest, the noblest heart in the empire, mine by all the bonds of a tender affection?—’Tis well, indeed, that he has thus sent me this token of his generosity; but the value of it is not in the nominal amount of it—not in the mere gross pecuniary form—its real value to me is the indication which it gives of the nobleness of his spirit—of the generosity of his nature.”

Fitzgeorge had a seat in the vicinity of the metropolis. To avoid as much as possible all needless publicity, it was now arranged that a meeting should take place there, and that the meeting should be after sun-set; that Sir William Dangle should take charge of the lady, and that at this interview such farther arrangement should

be made as would remove the necessity of any messengers between the parties.

To the eye of Fitzgeorge never did the sun set more gloriously than it did on the evening of this interesting day. He thought for once in his life that the heavens looked more beautiful than his own gilded roof; but beautiful as was the sight of the glorious sun with its gorgeous retinue of multiform and many-coloured clouds, he was impatient at the slow departure of lagging day-light. Nor was the romantic Juliet less interested in the day's decline; she watched the sun's declining rays, and saw with indescribable emotion the lengthening shadows of evening.—Poor Sir William Dangle, in whose custody she had placed herself for the day, and with whom she dined at an obscure inn not far from the place of rendezvous, was melancholy enough in the thought that his beloved one should be sacrificed to another; and he also, by sympathy, took part in the absence of mind which Juliet displayed; so that had they been visible to a

third person, not knowing for what purpose they were together, they would have presented a scene altogether and most exquisitely ridiculous.

At length the hour of meeting arrived. Wrapping themselves up in a close disguise, and silently gliding along the star-lit paths like thieves or persons afraid of thieves, they entered the park which surrounded Fitzgeorge's mansion, and took their station beneath a broad spreading oak. Whether the evening was light or dark, cold or warm, Juliet knew not. Her eyes were fixed on the mansion from whence Fitzgeorge was soon to emerge, and her heart throbbed with strong emotion as she stood silently waiting his approach. He came punctual to his appointment. Juliet knew it was he by the superb gracefulness of his gait. He also was disguised, but no disguise could hide from the penetrating eye of love and admiration the object of its idolatry. Sir William Dangle, like a well trained spaniel, withdrew to a modest distance. Moving as rapidly as was consistent

with that grace and dignity which he never forgot, Fitzgeorge advanced to the spot where Juliet stood, and extending his hand he said in tones more sweet than music ever breathed, "It is my Juliet!"

Juliet with a trembling confidence and humble pride, took the proffered hand, and would have said, "My Fitzgeorge!" but her heart swelled, her knees trembled, and sinking almost to the ground with a lowly curtsy, she kissed the hand which was offered to her and sighed. The passionate lover raised her from the voluntary humility, and drawing her arm within his, whispered sweet words, such as make young lovers' hearts throb with ecstasy.

"'Tis kind, 'tis generous, my beloved one," said the enraptured Fitzgeorge, "that despising the world's reproaches you thus condescend to permit me to call you mine, mine for ever, mine by every bond save that feeblest, coldest of all which is mere shadow, mere name, mere ceremony, a bond which holds together in most un-

natural union hearts that have no sympathy with one another.”

“Fitzgeorge,” exclaimed Juliet, and her lips trembled while she uttered that name which she alone was permitted to utter with the familiarity of love, and which all the rest of the world mentioned with profound respect, “Fitzgeorge, I know the generosity of your nature. I do unhesitatingly confide in you. For you I surrender everything, and by you I know I never shall be deceived.”

“Dear, sweet, confiding, intelligent creature!” replied Fitzgeorge, “I have admired, adored you for the unrivalled splendor of your talents, for your fascinating, bewitching manners, but you have now indeed made me inviolably your’s by this sweet interesting confidence. This, this indeed is love, of which inferior and vulgar minds can have no apprehension. I perceive the nobleness of your nature in this dignity of your sentiments, and I have only to regret that the absurd customs of an ignorant and stupid world

render it impossible for me to honour you as I ought to do."

"Alas, dear Fitzgeorge," said the emboldened and impassioned Juliet, "what is the world to me? You are my world. Is there any living creature on the face of the earth, whose good word I can for a moment put in competition with your's? Will not a smile from you more than counterbalance the frowns of the whole world? If I hear your applauding voice, I hear all the applause I can desire."

"Excellent woman!" said Fitzgeorge, "We were clearly and undoubtedly formed for each other. Our sentiments are in such perfect harmony, our apprehensions are coincident. I perceive that we are bound to each other by an inseparable chain of sympathy. We need not the idle forms and ceremonies of a jealous world, we are above such low considerations."

Juliet sighed, not in sorrow, but in a passionate admiration of the superb and elevated sentiments of Fitzgeorge. It was delightful to her

to find that there was in the world another being as romantic as herself. Then again as romantic people are always exceedingly virtuous according to their notions of virtue, Juliet could not help saying: "But what if the good Lord Fitzgeorge should hear of our acquaintance; will not his peculiar opinions be somewhat shocked? May it not be a cause of uneasiness to him?"

"Lord Fitzgeorge," replied the lover, "has indeed peculiar opinions; but are we, therefore, to sacrifice our happiness to his peculiar opinions? No, my beloved Juliet; if you hesitate not for my sake to brave the world, I will not hesitate for your sake to brave the anger of Lord Fitzgeorge."

"Oh! most excellent man! Most noble and generous Fitzgeorge!" exclaimed Juliet, "the more I see of your excellent nature, the more heartily I adore you! Oh! what is there in the world worth a thought compared with the confiding ingenuousness of undoubted and undoubting love? We will brave the world; we

are above its narrow and confined notions. Has the world any thing to give at all equal to the generosity of true affection?"

In such talk as this some few more minutes passed, till Fitzgeorge, whose pride and selfishness never forsook him even in the very passion and pathos of his affectionate love, thought that his absence from the mansion might be observed, and therefore signified his wish to bring the interview to a close. This, however, was not done till such arrangements had been made as were necessary for their future meetings.

CHAPTER V.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

AT the desire of her lordly lover, Juliet now quitted the stage, retiring from the publicity of gaping eyes to the still greater publicity of reproachful or jealous tongues. But Juliet was happy and so was the enamoured Fitzgeorge. Juliet was happy in a residence more splendid than anything which had hitherto courted her fond imagination. Juliet was happy in the means of much magnificence of attire, and in exceeding those who had exceeded her. Surely there must be something very delightful in victory, in the outdoing or surpassing another ;

since, for victory such toils will be undergone, such pains will be taken; it is for victory that men kill and are killed; it is for victory that we are struggling through the whole feverish course of our agitated being. Juliet, however, happy as she might be in the life of luxury and splendour which she lived by means of what she called the liberality and noble generosity of her gentle Fitzgeorge, was still more happy in his society, in hearing his rapturous protestations of eternal fidelity; in listening to his somewhat ingenious, yet not altogether insincere flatteries; in conversing with him on the infinite and exhaustless topics of the fine arts and elegant literature; in criticising with him the product of the artist's pencil and the effusions of the poet's muse. Fitzgeorge had taste, and so had Juliet; and both were gifted with a most admirable fluency of speech on the lighter and livelier topics of criticism. Both were pleased with each other, and found or made a wonderful similarity of taste and sentiment. Was

there a painting that Fitzgeorge admired? Juliet was enraptured with it, and was ingenious in discovering all its beauties, the more latent as well as the obvious. Did Fitzgeorge read aloud to his adored Juliet? the fair one to whom his voice was more than mortal melody, gave the whole attention of her soul; and from his lips every beauty and every grace of composition came forth more beautiful and more graceful. She knew by the intonation of his voice, and by the gentle smoothness and prolonged enunciation with which he dwelt on any particular passage, that it contained something which gratified his taste and pleased his fancy;—and then would she, with an expression at once sincere and well-acted, proclaim, as if by an irresistible impulse, her hearty commendation of the poet's skill. Fitzgeorge was musical; he had a voice,—he had a taste,—he had a passion for music. Music of every description was familiar to the lovers, from the light lays of the love-inspiring song to the more ennobling and impassioned

compositions of the sacred oratorio. They chaunted together the music of the cathedral they sang the lays of chivalry; and they warbled the well-poised cadences of the smooth duett which blend two voices in one with an undistinguishable harmony. Never did domestic bliss appear more brilliant than with this elegant and enamoured pair. Fitzgeorge was happy in the admiration with which Juliet regarded the luxurious decorations with which she was surrounded. Musical instruments were provided for her, not merely of the finest tone and the utmost accuracy of construction, but of the most splendid forms and the most expensive materials; harps, richly gilded and curiously carved; pianofortes of such exquisite tone and decoration, that even Fitzgeorge himself, with all his subtlety of taste, knew not whether most to admire the inside or the out. Fitzgeorge and Juliet were happy in the mutual encouragement which they gave to each others' luxury and extravagance. It was possible, indeed, so far

selfishness prevailed in his character and composition, for Fitzgeorge to enjoy the solitary contemplation of his own splendour, and to anticipate in his select meditations the eclat with which the brilliance of his appointments would be received in public ; but his pleasure was increased by having an approving voice near him to echo his own sentiments on every new purchase, and commend loudly his self-admired taste in every form of ornament which he devised,—whether of dress, of equipage, or furniture. Michael Angelo himself never gazed on the poetic creations of his superb imagination with more heartfelt and glowing satisfaction, than did Fitzgeorge survey the operations of the tailor or upholsterer in giving being to the devices of his taste. A coat without a wrinkle, a carpet of unprecedented pattern, hangings of luxurious richness and expense which made them unattainable by any but himself ;—these, and a myriad of other dear, delightful blessings, made Fitzgeorge exquisitely happy, while their

novelty lasted. Happy also, was he, when engaged, as he often would be, in deep consultation with some skilful architect, whose greatest skill consisted, perhaps, in the dexterity with which he could anticipate and embody the fancies and the freaks of Fitzgeorge's taste. And could Juliet do aught else than admire that which he admired?—Certainly not. Overwhelmed was she with wonder at the universal genius of her gentle Fitzgeorge; and there dwelt on her mind perpetually, with increasing strength, a sentiment of gratitude for his kindness and liberality to her. She thought not—and why should she?—that his very liberality was selfishness.

She who had been with much difficulty struggling, by means of a laborious and imperfectly recompensed profession, to keep up the appearance of elegance and style; she who had felt nothing more deeply than the inability to maintain the little splendour of which she was so proud, now reposed with a delightful satis-

faction on the thought that the day of want and of difficulty was passed away for ever. She who had blended in her notions of romance a love of show as one component part of the great happiness of life, was now enraptured with the elegance that surrounded her and the luxuries which were at her command. For all this she was indebted to Fitzgeorge, to him who had every recommendation which could ingratiate him with the female heart; so that being delighted with all that was about her, and knowing that all was owing to him or connected with him, she regarded him with the utmost passionate admiration, at once loving, respecting, admiring, and esteeming him. There was admiration for his mental qualities and gracefulness of demeanour, respect for the superiority of his rank, gratitude for his liberality, and love for his tenderness and affectionateness of heart. There was no good or desirable quality which Juliet did not see in Fitzgeorge in a most eminent and supereminent degree. He was the centre

of all her thoughts, and the very god of her idolatry. He was everything to her, because for his sake she had regarded and treated the world as nothing. So she was not only drawn towards him by the attractions of kindness and elegance, but driven towards him by the world without. With him she was everything, without him she was nothing, less than nothing—a despised, neglected, forsaken, broken-hearted, withering creature, perishing in the world's neglect, and withering beneath its strong contempt. She could not return to her old profession, and there was no new one to receive her. Strongly, however, as such feelings might influence her, they did not make their approach to the mind in any visible or tangible form. She thought of Fitzgeorge only and always with admiration, and not thinking or considering that she had already sacrificed the world for him, she was always imagining that her love for him was so great that she could readily sacrifice a world for him.

No longer now did Juliet think gravely of the world's censorious eyes and its reproachful tongue; she heard no sound but the sweet music of her Fitzgeorge's voice, while the splendour of her equipage blinded her vision to everything else that surrounded her. No longer now did she dread the stern displeasure of Lord Fitzgeorge, or the virtuously indignant reproaches of Lady Fitzgeorge, but proudly passed them in the public street, whenever by any chance their equipages met.

Whensoever virtuous sentiment has taken possession of any heart, whether by means of fanaticism, young affection, or timid gentleness of spirit, it is some time before that sentiment can be wholly eradicated. Fitzgeorge, who had made it the ruling principle of his life to have enjoyment where and whenever it was attainable, and at whatever cost, liked not that any sentiment of remorse, repugnance, or self-reproach should interfere with the ease and comfort of his spirit; therefore he took no small

pains to remove from the mind of Juliet the least and last vestiges of consciousness or self-reproach; and there is no logic so convincing as the logic of a lover. Juliet heard him, admired his liberality of sentiment, marvelled at the narrow views which she had formerly entertained, and was exalted in her own esteem by the thought of the more generous freedom of her own sentiments, as her mind became enlightened by conversation with Fitzgeorge. Thus she became Fitzgeorge's own most entirely, she lived but for him, and he was her only light, life and glory. She calculated not on the durability, nor anticipated the extinction of this rhapsodical fever of fondness. She thought it not possible that Fitzgeorge should ever withdraw his affection from her. In fact, the cessation of his esteem was not to be thought of, for there was nothing to look to beyond it; there was nothing for her, when that was gone, but utter darkness and despair, the solitude of her own sad thoughts, and the silence of a home

robbed of its splendour. Therefore she became almost voluntarily and wilfully blind—she lived in the present, for there was nothing but the present for her to live in—the past was too great a contrast to be a pleasing contemplation, it could not be recalled; and the future was of so exquisite an uncertainty, that its images danced confusedly before the mind's eye, and wearied the soul in its very attempts to think. As the present was the only object of contemplation and thought, that only was enjoyed, and it was enjoyed with a marvellous intemperance of blind delight. Grief shortens life by bringing the frame to an untimely grave; joy shortens life by whirling away the hours with a rapidity that surprises the traveller on the road of life. Juliet let the hours pass jauntily away, thinking herself to be Fitzgeorge's goddess, when, in truth, she was but his victim. Often, however, in the course of her brief gaiety there were hours of solitude, when the eye had no images, and the spirits no stimulus; then would an un-

defined feeling of melancholy creep upon her, and she would sigh, she scarcely knew wherefore. But not long were her thoughts withdrawn from Fitzgeorge; on him and his exalted qualities, and generous sentiments, and amiable sympathies, would she meditate with a fond delight and an inexpressible rapture: and when after slight intervals of absence they met again, then did Juliet, rising from a momentary depression of spirits, break out into an intemperate joy, and she would meet her gentle Fitzgeorge with so ardent an admiration, and so confiding a fondness, that he almost felt himself flattered and honoured. But pleasure is as restless as ambition; these raptures, while their intensity increased with Juliet, gradually abated of their effect on Fitzgeorge. There was, however, one delight which he always had, and which, with him, never lost its charm, and that was the delight of splendid extravagance: and he fancied that his love for Juliet remained long after it had ceased to rule his spirit, because he felt

pleased with the splendour with which he surrounded her.

It is, perhaps, possible, that love in a cottage might have had charms for Juliet, but it is not very probable that such love would have had such powerful attractions as the love which was manifested by a liberal expenditure, and blazoned in a lavish display of wealth. Perhaps it may be said of Fitzgeorge and Juliet, that they were both deceived and both deceiving.

CHAPTER VI.

ALIENATION.

No man learns philosophy from books and aphorisms, for if he reads that which he has not experienced, he either disbelieves or misunderstands it. Fitzgeorge had read, and he had been told by others, especially by the grave philosopher who had once sat among his guests at the festive board, that pleasure purchases pain, and that pain purchases pleasure, and that no mortal can enjoy unmixed pleasure. Fitzgeorge had read, but he had not believed, that "man never is, but always to be blessed." True, indeed, he found, and acknowledged to himself

that he had found it to be, that in the very outset of his career of sensuality and luxury, he had not experienced unmingled happiness. Notwithstanding all the care which he had taken, and all the unceremonious indifference with which he had regarded the happiness, pleasure, feelings, or accommodations of others, when put in competition with his own, he still found that he did not possess that perfect and complete sensual enjoyment which he had promised himself. He had not, in the possession of his splendid establishment, and in the luxurious arrangements of his table, that continued stimulus of which he was in search; but still he could not and would not acknowledge that the satisfaction after which he was aspiring was probably unattainable. He knew something of the history of man—he had read of Cræsus, Sardanapalus, Nero, and others, and there was not one of them whom he thoroughly envied: he saw that in the lives of all these were pains, annoyances, drawbacks, and sad deductions;

yet he could not and would not persuade himself that the same lot awaited him in all the meandrings and changing scenes of his life. When he was sighing for Juliet, he thought that with her he must be perfectly and supremely blest; and for a while he fancied that he was so. But gradually there came upon his spirit a sadness, a weariness, a cold distaste. Juliet's voice seemed to have lost its music; her taste looked like servility, her fondness was excessive;—and when fondness transgresses the lover's notion of what fondness should be, it ceases to excite sympathy, and provokes antipathy; and when antipathy is thus once excited, no human power or art can ever prevent its downward tendency to disgust. There is no impossibility in nature so great as the impossibility of recalling the departed or departing passion of a once ardent lover. As well might it be attempted to send the sun back to the east, or to urge a river to its fountain's-head, as to awake anew departed love.

Fitzgeorge now began to find the fondness of Juliet too excessive, her simplicity too insipid. Her bright eyes had to his apprehension lost their brightness, and he was for a while annoyed at the thought that he must either be at the trouble of ridding himself altogether of her society, or of keeping up an acquaintance which had ceased to charm. At first he had some little thought of the pain which he must of necessity inflict upon her whom he had once most tenderly loved, and who had once most tenderly loved him. He had some thought of sighs, and tears, and sobs, and passionate emotions; and all these things troubled him, for he loved a life of perfect ease, and wished to command all the events of life, and to derive from every circumstance and condition of his being the mere pleasure, not only unmingled with pain, but unalloyed even with the slightest annoyance or inconvenience. Youth, however, let it be as luxurious as it may, and as wanton and reckless as it can be in the pursuit of pleasure, still has

some sentiments and emotions of generosity, some little thought of others' feelings:—and with Fitzgeorge this natural feeling was not quite gone, when he began to grow weary of the faithful fondness of his once adored and still adoring Juliet.

Juliet herself indeed perceived not, for she could not, or would not, think of any thing so dreadful as the abatement of Fitzgeorge's affection. She was still living in a confiding and pleasing dream, that the romance of a few months was destined to be the whole complexion and character of her life. Pleasing indeed is the credulity which, by shutting its eyes to the precipice to which it is hastening, fancies by its very blindness to escape the danger.

There were many gay, fascinating, witty, and not highly-principled fair ones, who were jealous of the place which Juliet held in the affections and establishment of the gay and gallant Fitzgeorge. Many were the artifices which one or other used to attract his attention and wean his

attachment. To all these arts for a while Fitzgeorge was totally insensible : while he was delighted with the society of Juliet, and happy in her young and fond affection, he saw not the fascinations of those who surrounded him, spreading their various lines in hopes to catch his roving heart. But when the fondness of Juliet had satiated and begun to weary him—and when he had ceased to regard her as the most fascinating of her sex, and as the only individual with whose mind and sentiments he had a perfect sympathy—then he could look with a little more attention on others, and from making comparisons which gave Juliet the preference, he came to make comparisons not much to her advantage.

Among the intimates of Fitzgeorge were men of almost every description, save the demure and sober and sentimental. Gravity had no great recommendation for him, unless it was accompanied with a very high degree of talent ; but profligacy itself, especially if blended with

some share of buffoonery and singularity, was always highly attractive. There was a young gentleman who, having procured a commission in the army by means of Fitzgeorge's interest, wished to show his gratitude to his benefactor; and as we think that we most compliment our friends when we present them with that which we like ourselves, this young gentleman thought that he showed his great regard for Fitzgeorge by introducing him to society of the most profligate description. Colonel Fitzmaurice was a man of most singular and paradoxical character; proud as Lucifer—vulgar as a drayman—mean as a miser—extravagant as the veriest spendthrift—aspiring to the highest, and associating, at times, with the lowest society—punctilious as a man of the nicest honour, and yet at times careless of and almost inviting the insolence of his companions—he seemed as if his sole aim in life was to puzzle all beholders, and even to astonish himself. It might have been thought that he had two souls in one body,

which delighted in laughing at one another, and rendering each other ridiculous. He was one whom you might find any where, every where, and no where. His digressions were ludicrously absurd, and he might have been considered absolutely insane, but amidst all his eccentricities he seemed thoroughly sensible of his own absurdities and to rejoice in them. The acquaintance which he had with the world was such, that he used not unfrequently to boast, that he was acquainted with all the courts of Europe and all the alleys of London. He was at home with the highest, and equally at home with the lowest; and, as the fancy took him, could assume the dignity of a prince or the swagger of a tapster. A genius of this description was naturally attractive to Fitzgeorge, who was constantly on the look out for something stimulating and amusing. The laborious, thinking, and plodding part of the world little knows and little thinks the pains and trouble which they must take who live only to amuse themselves, and

have but little wit to devise forms of amusement. Fitzgeorge was attracted to Colonel Fitzmaurice from the power which the colonel had of presenting new ideas, combinations, and excitements. The very character also of Fitzmaurice was a matter of amusement in itself, and he was the most stimulating of all the friends of Fitzgeorge, because he was decidedly the most independent. Still, however, amidst all his independence, apparent and real, for it was not all real, he knew how to humour Fitzgeorge, and humouring, how to govern him.

At the first acquaintance of Juliet and Fitzgeorge, the colonel took no notice of the matter, for he knew enough of human life to be aware that young love is too grave a personage to bear a jest. He also knew enough of the character of Fitzgeorge to be very well satisfied that this passion of his could not last for life or for years. He knew also that, while the violence of the attachment continued, Fitzgeorge could easily dispense with other society, therefore he seldom

presented himself and was not missed. But still further he knew that when Fitzgeorge's love for Juliet should abate, there would be an opportunity for some other fair one to take her place, and that for the making of this arrangement some such friend as Colonel Fitzmaurice might be very convenient.

Fitzmaurice could easily see that Juliet had not strength of mind sufficient to be the master as well as mistress of Fitzgeorge, and the colonel naturally conjectured that if she could not be his master she would not long be his mistress. As soon therefore as any symptoms appeared of an abatement of the ardour of Fitzgeorge's attachment to Juliet, Fitzmaurice made his appearance again just in time not to be long missed.

"The least expected, but most welcome visitor!" exclaimed Fitzgeorge.

"You are not going to Ascot to-day I presume?"

"Why not?"

“Your friends say that the world is likely to lose you, that there is but one attraction for Fitzgeorge.”

“Psha!” replied Fitzgeorge. There was a great deal of meaning in that apparently unmeaning expletive; and no man had a keener insight into such meanings than Colonel Fitzmaurice, who with all his oddities, faults, follies, failings, and eccentricities, had no small share of discernment. Some of his friends indeed used to say that his apparently singular manner of living and miscellaneous habits of intercourse with all classes in society, arose from the deep interest which he felt in studying human nature; even as a genuine and passionate botanist will as readily descend into a ditch as climb a green hill in search of specimens. When Fitzgeorge therefore met the colonel’s allusion to Juliet by an exclamation of impatience, Fitzmaurice understood it to mean, as it really did, partly that he was angry at the allusion to his fondness, and partly that he was beginning, and

more than beginning, to grow weary of the object of that fondness.

This was the first time that Fitzgeorge had even to his own ear given any expression to an incipient feeling of weariness and disgust : and he felt it somewhat of a relief and as a first step to encourage him in throwing aside a feeble but troublesome chain ; of which he had been some time tired, but of which he had not yet resolution to divest himself. A faint smile played on the sarcastic features of Fitzmaurice. Fitzgeorge observed it, and at that smile, whatever slight compassion for Juliet he might have had, vanished. He had been long thinking, though not very decidedly, that his fondness was his folly ; he was now corroborated in his suspicions by the look and smile of Fitzmaurice. With what profound and indignant contempt, moralists, in their studies, as they sit nibbling their pens and balancing their periods, can think and write of the weakness of mind which suffers sentiment, sympathy, good feeling, and a prin-

ciple of possible virtue to wither beneath the half-formed smile of a sneering witling—and yet, if the moralist would contemplate absolute weakness and inanity, where can he find it in greater perfection, than in his own arguments and eloquence that are not competent to meet and grapple with those sneers and contemptuous smiles, and which cannot present to those who live in society a panoply to the world's censure, and enable them to hold up their heads in spite of the sneers and reproaches of the profligate and silly?

Fitzgeorge and Fitzmaurice conversed for a few seconds, with looks that said much though they spake nothing. Fitzgeorge understood Fitzmaurice to say that he was astonished that a man of such sense as Fitzgeorge should almost withdraw himself from the rest of the world for the society of a weak and fond girl. Fitzmaurice understood Fitzgeorge to say that he was now pretty well weary of the silly fondness of Juliet, and that he was very willing, if

the matter could be managed without much trouble, to relieve himself of the burden.

“Who is of your party for Ascot?” said Fitzgeorge.

“A lady or two; you had better not join us, there will be a little jealousy in a certain quarter.”

Fitzgeorge swore. It was rather an effort, but it was in order to get rid of a burden that lay heavily on his mind, and in order to break the ice for more unreserved talk on the topic to which allusion had been made.

Fitzmaurice saw his advantage, and that he might speak very freely without fear of offending the magnificent and irritable Fitzgeorge. In truth, the colonel had perceived, or had fancied he perceived, that there was a lady of his acquaintance who might supplant Juliet in Fitzgeorge's affections. Fitzmaurice had heard Fitzgeorge in days past speak highly of the lady's wit and spirit, and lately it had been observed that in public, more than once or twice,

Fitzgeorge had been evidently attracted by this lady's charms. It was gratitude, and it was interest also on the part of the colonel, that led him to render himself so subservient to Fitzgeorge's pleasures and so observant of his caprices.

"Isabella will be of our party," said Fitzmaurice, "and if you are not afraid—"

Fitzgeorge swore again more strongly and more loudly than before; and he joined the party to Ascot.

Isabella was of plebeian origin, but of patrician association and ambition. So obscure was her origin, that no one knew whence she came, but so brilliant was her career that her name was on every tongue, and her figure was familiar to every eye. She lived much in public, and in public she talked loud and laughed loud. A greater contrast with Juliet could not well be. Isabella despised sentiment and sentimentality, romance and pathos. She regarded the world with a degree of arrogant insolence, and de-

lighted in most outrageously braving the censure of the grave and exciting the astonishment of the timid and the modest. In person she was handsome; in carriage, perfectly easy of course, and by no means ungraceful. She was said to be rather proud of a long neck and a fine set of teeth; these personal ornaments indeed belonged to her, and were much displayed; but it is not quite so certain that she was proud of them. Many were her admirers; and with no small degree of confident impertinence did she demean herself towards them. It was not supposed by Fitzmaurice, however, that her style of behaviour towards Fitzgeorge would be of the same complexion as towards other of her admirers and suitors. In this he was disappointed.

“Fitzgeorge will be at Ascot,” said Fitzmaurice to Isabella.

“There will be two objects of attraction, then,” was her reply.

“And, perhaps, the attractors of others will

be themselves attracted. You have never seen Fitzgeorge but at a distance."

"Nor wish to see him but at a distance."

"You would be proud of an introduction to him."

"Prouder than I am now I never can be."

"You would be charmed by his fascinating manners."

"I am already charmed to see him in public. He is the very prince of coxcombs."

"He is something more than a coxcomb."

"He is so much of a coxcomb that I cannot think it possible that he can be anything more. But let me tell you, Fitzmaurice, that I admire a hearty coxcomb. There is something really magnificent in the heartiness with which the man gives himself up to dress and luxury. I hate the little meanness that loves puppyism and pretends to despise it. I see nothing admirable in the folly which affects not to enjoy the admiration and envy of the world."

"You will allow, then, that there is some-

thing of genius in the sublimity and heartiness of puppyism?"

"Clearly so."

"Suppose I were to tell you that Fitzgeorge was one of your sincerest admirers."

"Can he admire any one so sincerely and heartily as he admires himself?"

"Is there any value in the admiration of a man who has not an admiration for himself?"

"Perhaps not.—But allow me to say that if Fitzgeorge has commissioned you to negotiate with me for an introduction to his acquaintance, you and he are both deceived in me."

The colonel had much difficulty in persuading Isabella that Fitzgeorge had not given him any such commission. After much talk Isabella put an end to the conversation, saying, "I'll not be sued at second hand."

All the world knew that Fitzgeorge intended to honour Ascot with his presence, and therefore all the world went there to see him and to be seen by him. The road there was a long line

of living beings for many a mile, not many a weary mile, for the livingness of the scene removed all idea of weariness. All eyes were fixed on Fitzgeorge, and he drank in the visible homage of admiration with no small degree of satisfaction. His toilet had not been that day neglected, but the lover of fashion saw new wonders in his dress, and new graces in the style of his attire. There was originality everywhere, in every part of his dress, and in the very mode of wearing it. Even on the race-ground he was a living volume of haberdashery, a moving cyclopedia of tailoring. The horses ran, and lost or won. Purses changed owners; the usual number of gulls and greenhorns paid the usual price for their folly, but the interest, the general interest, was in Fitzgeorge. It might have seemed as though all the world were tailors, and that Fitzgeorge was the model that they were studying.

On the ground there were many vehicles of various grades, ambitiously courting admiration

but one only attracted much attention and caused many significant looks towards itself and towards Fitzgeorge;—an open yellow carriage, splendidly decorated, and occupied by as pretty a piece of female affectation as ever wore finery, and that was proud of the finery that it wore. The beautiful and interesting Juliet was the occupant of the carriage. Fitzgeorge was on horseback, and accompanied by Fitzmaurice. As though fearful of encountering the rude gaze of Fitzmaurice, or desirous of drawing the voluntary and marked attention of Fitzgeorge, Juliet studiously kept at a distance from the group by which her idol was surrounded; but her keen expressive eyes watched his every look and every movement; her glances were not, however, looks of jealousy, but looks of love, of admiration, and of tenderness. She saw also the bold and haughty Isabella studiously displaying her valiant horsemanship—riding a fiery steed that gave her abundant opportunity of exhibiting her fearlessness, and

finding, in the management of an almost unmanageable animal, a task all but too much for her nearly masculine strength. But pride feels no pain, and the love of admiration will encounter many difficulties for the gratification of its passion. Many were the admirers of Isabella's bold horsemanship; but Juliet thought less of the spirit and pride of her horsemanship than of the unfeminine boldness of her style. Juliet looked upon her without jealousy, for she believed so firmly in her gentle Fitzgeorge's sincere and deep admiration of her own most sweet and sentimental style of thought and conversation, that she thought it not possible that he should admire ought so diametrically opposite. Alas! poor simple Juliet made two mistakes. She mistook Fitzgeorge's flattery of her sentimentality for his own sincere admiration of it, and considered not that his politeness was so exquisitely elastic that he could with as much ease adapt his flatteries to Isabella as to Juliet. She made also another mistake in not calcu-

lating on the possibility that sweets might cloy, and that however heartily the voluptuous love beauty, they are quite as deeply in love with variety.

When Juliet observed that though Isabella seemed almost purposely to throw herself in the way of Fitzgeorge, yet she took no notice of the slight and passing attention with which he regarded her, she concluded, of course, that his pride must be offended, and she was anticipating at no short distance of time an interesting and sentimental discussion with Fitzgeorge on the folly and absurdity of masculine rudeness in a female. Here again the simple Juliet miscalculated. There was to the mind of Fitzgeorge something piquant and striking in that bold and hearty independence of manner which Isabella exhibited. Craftily did she watch the movements of Fitzgeorge's countenance when she arrogantly affected to be heedless of his notice, and she saw there the smile of admiration at her spirit, and no symptom of mortified pride.

The day wore away. Fitzgeorge seemed not to be conscious that Juliet was present. Was it possible that he had really overlooked her? Could his so vigilant eyes overlook any thing? Did he not know the livery of her servants? He had devised their pattern, and had determined their colour. Could he have forgotten her carriage, which had been built under his own inspection? Could he have forgotten her dress, which had been of his own choice, and in the arrangement of which he had suggested many important improvements?

She ordered her carriage to be driven in the direction in which Fitzgeorge was. Was it accident or intention, that at that instant he left the ground? If accident, how strange! If intention, how much more strange! What a long time it takes to open the eyes which have been closed by the infatuation of fondness! There is a love which displays itself by a fretful and pettish jealousy, which cannot bear a wandering eye or a roving thought, which seems to

fear the loss of its victim every movement that it makes; and there is also a love stronger, perhaps, in one sense, and in another weaker, which cannot be jealous if it would, which is strong in its own confidence, and confiding in its own strength—which will not believe its own senses, which, instead of seeing that which is invisible, is totally insensible to that which is staringly and outrageously visible,—which possesses that which may be called a negative imagination, for it does not imagine that to be which is not, but it imagines that not to be which obviously is. Such was the love of Juliet for Fitzgeorge. He had loved her once, and she had loved him—her love for him was not abated, and therefore she inferred, with a most defective, though not uncommon logic, that his love for her was not abated.

Juliet returned to her lodgings, and to the perusal of the poetry which she and Fitzgeorge had read together; to the perusal also of much poetry written by herself. She luxuriated long

in metrical sighs and imaginary sorrows. She read of broken hearts, not thinking that her own was to be broken, or that it should break by its own weakness. She looked on Fitzgeorge's miniature, sighed over it, wept over it, kissed it, and pressed it to her bosom; her heart swelled nigh unto bursting; she held the picture at arm's-length, it almost seemed to live and smile; she spoke to it, she trembled at her own voice in the solitude of her apartment, and she thought that her voice was really as musical as Fitzgeorge, in the exuberance of his flattery, had said it was. She thought of him as the best, the kindest, the dearest, the sweetest, the most generous, the noblest creature in the universe; as the highest of God's works, almost himself a god. He was a god to her, for she worshipped none else. She was his by the fondness of an unconquerable affection, and so spaniel-like was her love, that had he spurned her with his foot, she would have loved him still and have kissed the foot that kicked her, as the lamb will lick

the hand that is raised to shed its blood. To her Maker she merely *said* her prayers, but to Fitzgeorge she looked with a living devotion. No Catholic ever gazed on a crucifix with half the veneration and holy zeal with which Juliet gazed on the portrait of Fitzgeorge. What eyes! how brilliant and how beautiful! What lips! how full of sweetness! What a brow! how full of noble and of generous thought! She almost begged pardon of the very picture for having even for a moment thought of thinking ought suspiciously of the original.

“No, no,” said she to herself, “he cannot, he cannot forget me, he did not overlook me, his thoughts were with me, although his eye did not meet mine. But he had his reasons, he is as wise as he is good! His reasons are not for me to comprehend. I must submit; I am his—his—more than I am my own.”

A volume of Pope's poems was lying on her table, open as it often had been at the epistle from Heloise to Abelard. She read some of

the lines, indeed she knew them all by heart, she thought them beautiful, but comparatively cold.

“Heloisa,” she exclaimed, “could not love as I do, for what was Abelard compared to Fitzgeorge? a pedant to a prince! Is Fitzgeorge noble, princelike?—Nay—nay, he is more! Oh, God forgive me, subdue my fond heart—I shall be guilty of profaneness in my thoughts of him! Oh, why was such perfection ever created?”

CHAPTER VII.

A HEART-BREAKING SCENE.

JULIET's servant brought to his mistress, on a silver salver, with no small share of ceremony and respect, a letter. He seemed to look with reverence on the letter, with reverence on the silver salver, and with reverence on his mistress who was thus distinguished with style and honour to which she had not been accustomed. With a sweet simper Juliet took the letter, and she bent her graceful fingers into various affected attitudes as she opened it. She knew the writing and she knew the seal, yet she

looked at them interrogatively, as though she would ask from whence the letter came.

With a soft sigh she said to herself, "And when is my beloved to honour his slave with a visit?"

This soliloquy was hardly uttered, when with a shriek of agony the letter fell from her paralyzed hand.

Her servants were within hearing, and they rushed unbidden to her assistance. The paleness of death was on her face, pale was her cheek and lustreless her eye. The presence of her servants awakened her from her trance; they lifted up the letter, she recovered for a moment, she smiled their dismissal, and she in solitude again perused and reperused the note which had caused this extemporaneous agony.

"How beautifully he expresses himself!" she said.

Let us see how beautifully he expressed himself. The following is a copy of his note to Juliet.

“ We can meet no more. Circumstances of a most imperious nature compel me to this step, which is no doubt unpleasant to your feelings, as it is, I assure you, to mine. But necessity has no law. It must be so. Believe me ever yours.

“ AUGUSTUS FITZGEORGE.”

Notwithstanding the beautifulness of the expression of this note, as she called it, its contents came on her heart like a thunderbolt. She was shaken to the very centre of her soul ; but her confidence in Fitzgeorge was not shaken, nor was her love for him abated. She read the letter ten, twenty, thirty times over. “ Circumstances of a most imperious nature compel me—.” She dwelt on this passage with such an intensity of compassion that she pitied Fitzgeorge for being under the influence of circumstances of such an imperious nature.

“ Dear, generous Fitzgeorge !” she exclaimed, “ it is impossible that he should be forgetful of

his Juliet ! He cannot, oh he cannot be for a moment, even in thought, guilty of aught that approaches the confines of cruelty—I know—I am assured that he feels this as deeply as I can do, nay, he even says that he does ;—and nothing but truth ever came from his pen or fell from his lips. Why should I not believe him ?”

Then came tears to her relief, and she wept abundantly. She wept long and bitterly, and though weeping so far relieved her as to abate the stunning sensation with which she had received the intelligence at first, yet it left a more settled melancholy upon her soul. She then felt her solitary and sad condition. She saw her utter destitution—her hopelessness and helplessness. In spite of all her protestations, in spite of all her blind fondness, she could not quite keep herself free from the thought that another had supplanted her in the affections of Fitzgeorge. Her wilful blindness was not quite strong enough to keep out every ray of the light that surrounded her. Still, however, she

fought against the suspicion. She attributed the apparent change in his affection to the influence of Lord or Lady Fitzgeorge. She gave a most generous interpretation to the phrase, "Circumstances of an imperious nature."

"But why," said she to herself, "did he have recourse to this mode of parting? Why did he not see me—speak to me—and in his kind and gentle manner soften the pangs of separation. Alas! perhaps it would have been too much for his own feelings; perhaps he thought it would be too much for mine. His letter is short—but affectionate—very affectionate."

Then she read the letter again. She looked into it with an eagerly scrutinizing eye, as if by looking more closely at it and reading it more frequently, she might be able to extort from it more interpretation of itself, or to find some new expression in it. But there it remained in all its brevity, cruelty, and abruptness. Yet she would not despair.

The letter reached her two days after she had

been at Ascot. It was morning when she first read the letter, and the day had made approach to its close before she ceased her perusals and doubtful meditations.

“ I will see him,” she said at last ; “ I will see him—I must see him. It will be death and worse than death if I see him not. Oh there is pity in his generous nature—he is goodness—he is all goodness.”

She ordered her carriage and drove to Fitzgeorge’s town house. He was not there. It was growing dark, and not only dark but tempestuous. Heavy clouds were rolling up from the west, broad flashes of lightning were spreading from the horizon, and the mutterings were heard of the distant thunder. Timid as she ordinarily was, and shrinking from the very roughness of the breeze, she now heeded not the coming storm, and was insensible to all thought of danger or emotion of fear. She astonished her coachman by ordering him to drive to Fitzgeorge’s country house. It was an

amusement to her melancholy, and a kind of living poetry for her to meditate on the sublimity of the storm. She delighted in the thought that her love for Fitzgeorge rendered her insensible to everything else, and communicated a supernatural impulse to her soul.

It was nearly midnight when she arrived at the mansion. The sound of merriment and revelry was heard. Her arrival was announced and a message came from the hall of feasting, that Fitzgeorge was not to be seen. There was madness in her agitated spirit. Never did the acted drama present so complete and fine representation of mental agony as did the expression of Juliet's countenance and attitude at this message. The messenger gazed at once with pity and admiration at the perturbed and agonized Juliet; for, on hearing it announced that Fitzgeorge refused to see her, an electric shock of agony ran through her whole frame, the paleness of despair in an instant fixed itself on her marble features, her hands convulsively

clasped each other, while lifting her eyes upwards she seemed to be asking of heaven the mercy of a tear to cool the burning anguish of her soul. She spoke not, she moved not, and scarcely did she breathe.

“I have it in command from the Honourable Augustus Fitzgeorge,” said the messenger after an interval of painful suspense, “to desire that you would immediately leave the house and return to your home.”

He repeated his message several times before Juliet paid the least attention to it, or seemed in the slightest degree conscious that any one was speaking to her. But presently her senses returned, and on hearing the word “home,” she shrieked in an agony of unrestrained passion, and exclaimed, “Home!—Oh God—I have no home—no home on earth, no home in heaven. For him I have sacrificed all—and without him I am a solitary outcast. Did I not love him? did I not? do I not? and shall I not for ever and ever? with him earth was hea-

ven—without him heaven itself would not be heaven. I shall go mad—I am mad—I have always been mad. It was madness to give away my heart—but I have given it and it cannot be recalled.”

The messenger took her hand and led her to the door; she withdrew it hastily, exclaiming, “No no, touch it not, this hand is Fitzgeorge’s.” Then softening a little the passionateness of her expression, she said in a suppliant tone to the messenger. “Oh, sir, if you can have any compassion for a broken and a bleeding heart, I pray you, I entreat you by all the feelings of humanity, to permit me to see my beloved Fitzgeorge once more before I die. Oh plead with him, plead with him, I beseech you, he will listen to you. If I must be driven hence, let it be by his own sweet voice. I must go if he commands me, it is impossible for me ever to disobey a command of his.”

“Indeed madam, I must beg that you will not urge it. It is, I assure you, absolutely impossible.”

The violence of her passion returned, and her madness rekindled itself. "I must, I must see him, I cannot, I will not leave this place but at his command. Oh no—no—no it cannot be. Let me die here ; life has nothing more for me than darkness and sad despair."

Another messenger came from the hall of feasting, where Fitzgeorge was surrounded by half intoxicated flatterers, who were offering to him the sweet incense of admiration. More effectual language was used, and the spirit of the wretched Juliet was at length subdued to an acquiescence in the harsh mandate of the unfeeling Fitzgeorge.

How strangely chequered is human life ! In the experience of some are continual alternations of joy and sorrow succeeding each other at brief intervals, while others have long continued prosperity and daily gladness of heart, till some unforeseen and unexpected event ruffles the current of life, and then all the use of past joy seems to be merely to render the present agony

the more intense. Some begin life in joy and end it in tears—some through pain and sorrow struggle on to peace and quiet and a happy enjoyment. But without these, or some such alternations, no life can possibly be passed. It was the wish, aim, and hope of Fitzgeorge, to have nothing but life's sweets and none of its bitters. He was disappointed. As well might a planet, revolving round a sun, expect to have perpetual daylight in both hemispheres, as a man may expect in this life to enjoy happiness throughout unmixed with sorrow or pain. Fitzgeorge made it the whole business of his life and thought to study the means of enjoyment, and to sacrifice every other consideration to the pursuit of pleasure. As he carefully avoided all that might be personally painful, so he as carefully avoided all sympathy with others, thinking that pain for others' sufferings was merely inflicting a gratuitous annoyance on himself. From being by constitution and calculation insensible to the sufferings of others, he very naturally and

of course proceeded to the sacrifice, where it could be made, of the happiness of others to his own caprices. His consideration was his own pleasure, and not the pain of others. He had seen Juliet, and admired and loved her. He sought and obtained her: and for the purpose of obtaining her he had used all artifices and protestations, which were only so far sincere, as they were manifestations that he was in earnest in his pursuit. For a while he had been well pleased with her; but this lasted not long. As her attachment to him strengthened and increased, twining its fibres about her heart and shooting its roots into her very soul, the passion of Fitzgeorge gradually and almost insensibly to himself abated, growing less and less, till at length it was gone, and more than gone, for its place was supplied by a growing disgust and weariness. That fondness which once had flattered him now wearied him, and he began to entertain a contempt for her understanding that she was not able to discern how exceedingly in-

different he had become to her. It was not the system of Fitzgeorge to sacrifice his own convenience to any thing, but to sacrifice every thing to his own convenience, humour, or passion. As soon, therefore, as he had found out how very indifferent he was towards Juliet, he was fain to throw away his human toy. What she might suffer was nothing to him, so long as her sufferings were not communicated to him by the contagion of sympathy or by the annoyance of a visible knowledge. He had not activity enough of imagination to enter into her thoughts, or to imagine the acute feelings of her mind. It was for his own sake, and not for hers, that he had first sought her acquaintance; and now that he dismissed her, he regarded merely his own inclination, and had no regard for aught that she might suffer. The sight of suffering is to many persons an almost physical annoyance: nature has implanted this principle in our constitution, as the means of awakening our minds to sympathy, and of inducing us to the activity

of beneficence for our own sakes, that this pain or annoyance may be removed. When, therefore, a benevolently-disposed mind would move itself to acts of generosity and kindness, it brings before its contemplation the pangs of the distressed, and sympathizes with griefs thought of but not seen, so making to itself a pain, that it may through that pain enjoy a pleasure. But Fitzgeorge's notion was to enjoy pleasure only, and to avoid pain with the utmost care and diligence. He had so much of imagination as to think that Juliet would suffer something of mental distress at the separation, and he supposed that if in his presence the sentence of separation were pronounced it would be accompanied by some tears, perhaps some hysterics and shrieks, all which would be painful to himself. This he was desirous of avoiding, and therefore he had sent a mere letter of dismissal; and as he was accustomed to a prompt obedience from his many servants, and a ready compliance with his humours from his more numerous and

more obsequious friends, he of course expected that this mandate would readily and promptly be obeyed by Juliet, and that she would keep her sorrows to herself. In this he was disappointed.

When Juliet came, therefore, to his house in the passionate fulness of her grief, and interrupted by her unwished presence the smiles and gaiety in which Fitzgeorge had his being and his glory, he was annoyed and provoked to a petulance of irritation. Solomon has said, that dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour, by which figure he means to set forth the fact, that that which is most superlatively fragrant may not only lose its fragranciness but become odious to the sense by means of a trifling interruption; for what is more fragrant than the unguent of the perfumer, and what more insignificant than a dead fly? Solomon applies the proverb to the effect of wisdom, marred and mutilated by a little folly. It is equally applicable to the

effect of much enjoyment interrupted by a trifling annoyance. Fitzgeorge, who was a mere sensualist, imagined himself to be an epicurean, and fancied that he knew aright the philosophy of enjoyment; but he deceived himself, and he let his friends deceive him. He prated and he fancied that he reasoned; he plotted and he imagined that he planned. He had not the wit to comprehend the system of life's antagonisms, and to see that for enjoyment there must be appetite, and that for appetite there must be vigour of exertion, exercise, pain, and self-denial. A gloomy philosopher at his first symposium had told him this, but he believed it not. He felt the pleasures of liberty when he first brake the bands of his minority, and he was full of joy, life, spirits, and vivacity; but he had not the discernment to perceive that he had, through the manifold annoyances of a tedious minority, been preparing himself with an appetite for the enjoyment of the exercise of his unrestrained will. He fancied that the

pleasure of the first possession of liberty was the prelude to more glorious delights with increasing means and influence, and he regarded the delightfulness of the commencement of the days of liberty as prospective and promising, not as retrospective and contrasted. He forgot, or observed not, that the happiest of men owe much of their happiness to contrast and hope. Feeling himself, therefore, annoyed by this interruption, he was angry with the cause of it; and instead of pitying the pangs of heart which the discarded one suffered, he was indignant at her presumption in daring to obtrude her unwelcome sorrows within the sacred confines of his mansion dedicated to hilarity and festivity. He sent, as it has been seen, a messenger to order her instant departure; but as that first message availed not, he sent a second in mighty wrath, not a little pleased, perhaps, at the excuse which Juliet's importunity gave him, for converting his possible pity into actual anger.

The second messenger was Fitzmaurice, by

the persuasion of whose better managed entreaties Juliet had been induced to comply with the harsh command of her own gentle and affectionate Fitzgeorge. The colonel who had the power of being most rudely insulting, had also an equal power of throwing into his behaviour a winning gracefulness of manner which most completely fascinated and deluded. He could easily assume any character, for having none of his own, the assumed one very easily fitted itself to the wearer for the time being. Juliet, who of the simple was the most simple, and whose simplicity of character neutralized whatever subtlety she might attempt to intermix with the component parts of her mind and manner, was absolutely softened and subdued by the ingenious, yet heartless affectations, of Fitzmaurice. She believed him most sincerely when he attempted, with a face of marvellous gravity to persuade her that Fitzgeorge could not trust his feelings to the proposed interview. She believed him when he descanted most learnedly,

yet most obscurely on those imperious circumstances which compelled Fitzgeorge to a line of conduct apparently harsh and severe. She believed him when he told her with the hypocritical mockery of compassion, that his heart bled for her, and that he also as deeply pitied and sympathized with Fitzgeorge, who was under a most distressing necessity of doing sad violence to his own feelings.

“ He is a good and gentle being,” said Juliet, with affectation of manner, but with sincerity of heart.

“ He is all goodness and gentleness ; the world is not aware of the excellences of his heart and understanding,” responded Fitzmaurice, with equal affectation of manner, but not with equal sincerity of heart.

“ This cannot be his own act and deed,” said Juliet.

“ Most assuredly not,” replied Fitzmaurice ; “ has he not in every heart and in every voice the reputation of the highest generosity.”

“He has, indeed,” answered Juliet; “and I pity him that he is placed under any circumstances of restriction which prevent him from yielding to the generous impulses of his nature. But might I not see him? One look—one kind look—one word—one generous word—ay—even the word ‘farewell’—would from his lips be a treasure of remembrance to my heart as long as memory shall hold its seat.”

The colonel shook his head and sighed. He could upon occasion shake his head with an exquisite gravity, and he could sigh with wondrous pathos of hypocrisy. “Ah, no!—my dear lady. —See him, did you say?”

“Yes—only let me see him—once—for the last time!”

“Oh, my good madam, you know not the tenderness of his heart. You know not the bitter pang which it would cost him. Would you afflict and pain your once beloved Fitzgeorge?”

“Once beloved!—Ever beloved!—That ‘once’ includes eternity! No—no—I would

not grieve my beloved one. Oh ! rather may every tear I shed, and every pang that I suffer, be the means of joy and smiles to him. Let me but know that he is happy, then nothing can make me miserable.”

“ Generous heart !” replied the colonel ; “ one every way worthy of Fitzgeorge. I lament, from my inmost soul, the hard necessity which separates two hearts so truly noble and so well fitted for each other. But the hour grows late.—Your carriage is waiting—permit me to conduct you to it. And spare your beloved Fitzgeorge all farther pangs of separation.”

So Juliet was won and managed. Fitzmaurice handed her to the carriage—gracefully, gently, bowing and smiling ; and Juliet returned the courtesy of hypocrisy with the courtesy of sincerity, peradventure not unmixed with affectation.

“ Tell him—tell him,” said Juliet, as she was stepping into the carriage—but swelling grief prevented her from giving utterance to her thoughts.

“Most assuredly,” replied the colonel, somewhat less perfectly, than before, concealing his impatience.

“Tell him I love him, for ever, for ever!” So saying Juliet seated herself in the carriage, and Fitzmaurice with his own hands closed the door, and with his own voice gave the word to the coachman, “Home.”

Away whirled the carriage, and at that word “home,” which the very horses seemed to understand, Juliet’s heart sunk and nearly lost the power of impelling the blood through her veins. The storm in the atmosphere had passed away and the night was still and clear; but the storm in Juliet’s bosom which had awhile been stilled by the exquisite hypocrisy of Fitzmaurice, now raged with greater fury than before. She loved Fitzgeorge with a passion too strong for words to express, and with a blindness that no light could disperse or penetrate. She had been dismissed from his house—banished from his presence—prohibited access to him for ever. She

suffered a grief that seemed almost lost in its own greatness. She had lost everything but the power of suffering, and there was suffering whithersoever she turned. What was memory but the record of pleasures past, the recollection of which gave pungency to present grief? What was darkness but a living death? And what was light but a gloomy solitude and a heartless waste? For whom but Fitzgeorge had her heart so long been beating? And what to her had been the use of eye or ear, or gentle thought, but to gaze on his beautiful form, to listen to the music of his voice, and to meditate on the generous qualities of his noble, his exalted mind? Now all this was gone—gone at once and for ever! And wherewithal was this mighty grief to be expressed or alleviated? Would a few childish tears or girlish sighs suffice?

She arrived at her home. Ah! what anguish and ecstasy there are in that one word! Poets, moralists, and philosophers, have talked about it ever since it had an existence, and they will

continue to talk about as long as the world shall last. To Juliet the sight of home presented nought but images of sorrow and promptings to a sad despair. Fitzgeorge was virtually inscribed on every object that met her eye, and actually engraven on many. Who had chosen her residence?—Fitzgeorge. Whose taste had selected the furniture?—Fitzgeorge's. From whose library came those gilded and fragrant volumes of heart-touching poetry?—From Fitzgeorge's. By whose patronage did the artist flourish, whose pencil gave life and animation to those beautiful landscapes?—By Fitzgeorge's—kind, liberal patron of the arts! Whose miniature is that enshrined in gold and pearls?—Fitzgeorge's. And whither could Juliet fly from these reminiscences?—His shade would haunt her every where; his image was blended with all her thoughts.

While Juliet, thus discarded, was bewailing her sad lot in a melancholy solitude, the heartless Fitzgeorge sat surrounded by his flatterers

and friends, for he was one who could not distinguish friendship from flattery, and who thought that there was no friendship where there was no flattery.

“ We have dismissed her,” said Fitzmaurice, laughingly, “ and a finer scene I never saw. She must go back to the stage, for she is surprisingly improved in acting. She may at first undergo a little hissing from the puritanical geese, who have no other virtue about them than hissing at vice; but when they see how well able she is to entertain them by her dramatic talents, they will suffer their moral censures to be outvoted by their scenic applause.”

“ So as she annoys me not again,” said Fitzgeorge, “ she may go whither she pleases, to the stage or to the—”

Fitzgeorge paused, and gave a significant look towards an individual of the party, who was as unlike a clergyman as a man in a black coat possibly could be. This reverend gentleman, for reverend he certainly was according to

law, had once professed as the law directs, that he believed himself moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon himself the function and office of a clergyman; and the bishop believed him and laid holy hands upon him accordingly; and he forthwith became a teacher of morality, for which he was as well qualified as a lame man is to be a dancing-master: in other words, he was more capable of performing his duty by precept than by example. He was of course a bit of a priest, but he was also a bit of a bully and a bit of a blackleg. He could read prayers; he had read prayers and had kept his countenance the while. He had written pious cogitations in a Sunday newspaper, and he had laughed at them among his friends, for fear he should be by them suspected of any temporary lapse into what that coterie considered the unpardonable sin of piety. He had slipped occasionally into the venial transgression of intoxication, and had quarrelled, and had called his man out and had shot at him, but missed him. This reverend gentleman's

qualifications, which rendered him an acceptable and favoured companion to Fitzgeorge, might have been equalled or exceeded by many others, but the graces of his mind received in the eyes of Fitzgeorge an additional piquancy from the clerical character which he bore. Oaths, drinking, gambling and duelling, are to men of Fitzgeorge's taste interesting in a layman, but more particularly so in a clergyman. To this gentleman Fitzgeorge directed his eyes significantly when he paused with an unfinished sentence.

"It would be an affront to your cloth, Bradley," continued Fitzgeorge, after a moment's pause, "to speak of the devil in your company."

"Make no stranger of me," said Bradley, "only if you must mention any friend of mine, let it be respectfully."

"Respectfully enough I think it is mentioned in company with so lovely a creature as Juliet," said Sir William Dangle with a sort of sigh, intimating that if the lady were to descend to

the personage in question he should have little objection to be of the party.

“What a pity it is Dangle that you did not accompany her to town! Suppose she should be met and robbed on Hounslow Heath,” said Bradley.

“On that supposition,” said Fitzgeorge, “Dangle would think it no pity to be absent.”

Dangle attempted to frown and look big, but the insipidity of his features prevented the one, and the subserviency of his spirit prevented the other.

“Come,” continued Fitzgeorge, “if the bottle moves no quicker we shall part sober.”

“In which case,” said Drury Borrowman, “we had better not part at all. Such is the tenderness of my nature that I cannot bear to part from dear friends, and I therefore am generally carried from them by main force.”

“What is the toast?” said Bradley.

“Variety!” exclaimed Fitzgeorge, “suppose we drink it in pint bumpers.”

“It would be more appropriately drunk in variety,” quoth Borrowman.

“Excellently well said,” exclaimed Fitzgeorge. “Excellently well said,” exclaimed the rest of the party.

The wines were mingled. “Let us drink the toast with spirit,” said Bradley. The brandy was not omitted. The large goblets were lifted high in triumph. The villainous mixture was quaffed. Down fell many a glass. Down dropped many a jaw. Eyes wandered, tongues tripped; lights twinkled; round spun the room, and the party parted after the usual style. Those were glorious days!

CHAPTER VIII.

EMBARRASSMENT.

“AM I not happy now?” said Fitzgeorge, as he woke next day with a burning brow and feverish headache. “Am I not happy now?” said Fitzgeorge, as certain twinges of remorse came over him for his cruelty to the abandoned Juliet. “Am I not happy now?” said Fitzgeorge, as there came into his mind the thought that he must this day meet his steward, and with him discuss certain financial matters more necessary than pleasing. “No,” answered the headache. “No,” answered the name of Juliet. “No,” answered the financial embarrassments.

Owing, peradventure, to the paternal mildness of the British Government, and to the unparalleled condescension of the British aristocracy, a certain set of low-minded plebeians, called tradesmen, whose proper business it is to administer to the necessities, and to admire in speechless awe and with distant reverence the magnificence of their superiors, have of late years, much to the injury of religion and good order, taken it into their heads that they ought to be paid for those things in which they minister to the aristocracy. They manage these things better in Ireland, where the demand for debt is met by a challenge to single combat, and better still in Turkey, where the bastinado is a receipt in full of all demands. Never can the beauties of our glorious constitution be too much extolled.

“ I will see him at four o’clock,” said Fitzgeorge to his valet, who announced the arrival of the steward.

“ I will see him at six,” said Fitzgeorge at four o’clock.

“ I will see him after dinner,” said Fitzgeorge at six o’clock. Seeing after dinner was with him a matter of great uncertainty, he might see two stewards, or he might see none at all. Putting off the meeting from day to day did not mend the matter, it added more items to the account and rendered the discussion less agreeable by previously irritating and unhinging the mind. People began to talk ;—people will talk, which is all owing to the great condescension of the aristocracy who let them talk. Tradesmen began to grumble ;—that also may be attributed to the condescension of the aristocracy.

When the interview could be no longer delayed Fitzgeorge consented to see his steward. The most homely proverbs are generally the most frequently applicable, they become homely from that cause. Applicable in the present instance is the proverb which says, “ One man may lead a horse to water, but ten cannot make him drink.” Fitzgeorge was persuaded to see his steward, and the steward came, bringing

with him serious looking books, serious looking bills, and a serious looking face.

“Well, sir,” said Fitzgeorge.

The steward bowed and looked as serious as an undertaker. Then opening his books and spreading his bills on the table, he was preparing to commence a solemn harangue on the sad necessities of the case. Fitzgeorge hastily interrupted him saying, “What’s all this to me? These matters ought to be settled without any reference to me. It is giving me much needless trouble.”

“But, sir,” said the steward, “if you will condescend to look into the state of your affairs—”

“Pish,” said Fitzgeorge, “I must beg of you not to annoy me with this kind of prate. I was not educated for an accountant, and am not dexterous at such matters. If tradesmen bring in their bills and you have money, pay them—if not, they must wait.”

“They have waited, sir,” replied the steward.

“Then let them wait a little longer.”

“ They have waited as long as they possibly can,” answered the steward ; “ and they begin to be very clamorous.”

“ Must you be clamorous, therefore ? ”

The steward spread out his hands and looked at the books and at the bills, and fixing, at last, his inquiring eyes on his master, said, “ What must be done ? ”

This was a question that the steward could more easily ask, than Fitzgeorge could answer.

“ It will not do,” said the steward, “ to tell them that they will never be paid.”

“ It will certainly not do to tell them so,” replied Fitzgeorge.

“ But they will begin to suspect it, and they will be reluctant to supply the establishment. Notice has also been given of a bond to a very inconvenient amount, and threats have been held out of applying to Lord Fitzgeorge.”

At the name of the bond which he had given to Juliet, and at the thought of another which he had given to Isabella, a greater degree of

perplexity took possession of his mind than was quite consistent with his notions of happiness. Marvellous it is to those who do not think until they deeply feel, that the very circumstance which seemed to promise their greatest security and completest enjoyment should prove a source of pain and perplexity. So it was with Fitzgeorge. When he first emerged from his minority and became possessed of a splendid income, he thought, of course, that he was destined to the enjoyment of every thing which money could purchase; and so he was; but he forgot that money could not purchase every thing. Money will not purchase prudence, and without prudence the greatest wealth will bring the greatest poverty. He is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it creates more wants than it supplies. Keen are the pangs of hunger, and sad is the spirit of him who is sinking into an early grave for want of the common necessities of life, but

not less keen are the mortifications and cares of him who, nursed in ease and luxury, is thrown by circumstances into dark perplexities which his mental indolence cannot unravel, and who is reduced even to an apprehension of the want of those luxuries which were to him more than life. The poor man who lives by bread alone, lives for life alone; it is enough for him to be; but the rich man lives for more—for much more than mere life—for honour and reputation—for the eyes and thoughts of others; and to him well-being is more than being. The utmost that a poor man can suffer from the most abject, scorned, and deserted poverty, is to die for want; but men in the highest spheres of human life suffer many a living death. Can any one think for a moment of comparing the pinings of want, which come gradually and gently on the sinking spirit, with the agonies of heart which he suffers who has wrecked his fortune on the gaming-table? Want merely unties the cords of life; but disappointment, mortification, embarrass-

ment of circumstances, rends them with a hard convulsive wrench, for the expression of which imagination can find no adequate figures.

Fitzgeorge, then, in the presence of his steward, was not happy, very far indeed was he from happiness. He began inwardly to curse the perplexities of wealth, and, for a moment, to envy the lot of those who, having a necessity to earn their daily living, have an occupation in their daily labour, and a pleasure in procuring the means of pleasure and enjoyment. But these feelings soon experienced a revulsion. He began to philosophize, according to his notions of philosophy, and the result of this philosophizing was a still farther hardening of his heart against the feelings of others.

“These fellows,” said he to his steward, “dare not for their lives presume on the impertinence of a personal annoyance; they may send their insolent papers to you, and you may burn them.”

“But it is very distressing to me”—

“ Silence, fellow, what are your distresses to me ? ”

The distresses of his steward were something to Fitzgeorge, and he felt that they were when the mention of them excited his anger. Softening down a little, he continued, “ And why should you be distressed or concerned for these matters ? ”

“ I feel concerned,” said the steward with most reverent inclination of the head, “ for my worthy master’s honour.”

“ Honour ! ” replied Fitzgeorge, in a tone of slow contempt, “ what have people of that description to do with honour ? ”

After a little pause the patient steward pushed the books towards Fitzgeorge, and meekly said, “ Will you be graciously pleased, Sir, to condescend to cast your eye over these memorandums, and to suggest to your servant what is best to be done in the present posture of affairs ? ”

“ I have no suggestions to make,” said Fitz-

george, "it is really very offensive to be annoyed by such people."

For awhile, however, he made an effort and showed some symptoms of attention to the matters before him. He looked at divers bills, he turned over many leaves in his steward's books. He listened patiently or rather passively, to the arithmetical prate of the exact man of accounts. The result of all this was to leave him precisely in the same situation as it found him, that is to say, with a conviction that his debts were numerous, his tradesmen clamorous, his expenses beyond his means, and that he knew not what remedy to find or make for all these grievances. Then pride was galled, confidence was shaken, hope abated, and the insolence of a haughty spirit was made to bite the dust.

Being at length left alone to the companionship of his own thoughts, he turned over in his mind many devices whereby to extricate himself from present annoyances, and to provide, if possible, against the repetition of them. "I was

wrong," said he to himself, "in my computation of the unmixed happiness which awaited me. I mistook the means of enjoyment for enjoyment itself. I regarded a princely income as an inexhaustible income. I thought that because I could command much, I could command everything. I have so far deceived myself, and perhaps I have suffered my friends to aid in the deception. No man, perhaps, can be deceived by others till he first deceives himself. Yet what avail my rank, my fortune, my expectations, my high consideration in society, if I am nevertheless under the necessity of stooping and bending myself down to the trammels of a mercantile computation and prudential management of my affairs. I thought that I had nothing to do but to desire, and to have my desires satisfied; that I had only to name my wants to have those wants removed. Juliet's bond too! There I was indeed a simpleton. I would not for a world have the world know how mortified I feel at the recollection of the folly of my fondness

for that feeble creature. Oh, she has wearied me with her ill-disguised adulation. I love the incense of flattery, but I am disgusted with the clumsiness that offers it so crudely and so grossly. Her bond indeed! Why the poor fool would even now let me have it again. I have only to ask for it and I may have it. Ay, is there meanness in the thought? But who shall dare accuse me of meanness? Who can look on me, formed in the fairest symmetry, graceful in every movement, honoured and idolized wherever I turn, the envy and admiration of all eyes, and call me mean! The world will find a thousand excuses for me more ingeniously and readily than I can find them for myself. The world has indeed a strange mode of measuring out its justice; for ten guineas ingeniously given where there is neither claim nor expectation, I may purchase a reputation for generosity which thousands withheld, where there is a claim, will not be able to cancel."

Fitzgeorge pursued his soliloquy, and medi-

tated on the resources of those who, having no resources, continue to live on a par with those who have. He thought of the turf and the gaming-table, of the many ingenious devices which men, who pass tolerably well in the world, tolerably, that is to say, in such society as Fitzgeorge was in the habit of keeping, have at various times had recourse to in order to replenish a consumptive purse, or bolster up a sinking credit. It occurred to him that there were many stratagems that might be used which as yet had not been used, and which might be used with good success. It is an erroneous notion which is entertained by many persons in the middling and humbler walks of life, that the higher and titled classes have nothing to do but to devise means and modes of spending money, and that they have no trouble to procure it, nor any anxiety and care about its regular and constant supply. 'Tis quite the reverse; they have no trouble as to the means of disposing of it, but often they have very great difficulty and

perplexity as to the means of obtaining it. You see a splendid carriage standing at the door of a magnificent mansion, many servants in livery about the entrance of the house and carriage; these servants are in lively conversation with each other; presently my lord makes his appearance,—all is silence and obsequiousness, six or eight human beings seem to be worshipping one, the carriage looks a remarkably easy one, the coachman is a portly man, and the horses lead a fine holiday life. The blind beggar who stands by the way side, assisted by a little dog that holds in its mouth the battered crown of a greasy hat, has not a tithe of that anxiety for the means of procuring a dinner which the nobleman, who looks so placidly, has for getting rid of some villainous incumbrance which is eating out his very vitals and wasting away his life day after day.

This was a kind of care which Fitzgeorge had not contemplated or anticipated, and when he laid down his plan of life and looked from the

gay portals of his youth through the long vista of coming years, he saw all bright and clear before him. 'Tis true that he heard of the poverty of the rich and the necessities of the splendid, but then he had seen them gay, laughing, lively, always apparently at their ease, as if mocking fate and fortune. He did not know what bitterness of heart lay concealed beneath those smiles. He now began to experience it, but this did not soften his heart or the more humanize his soul, rather was it the means of inducing him, after the manner of Pharaoh, to harden his heart still more. Pride and sensuality, two strong passions of our nature, have, when indulged in without restraint, a sad propensity to degrade and injure the soul; but when persisted in systematically, they are by some accident thwarted and opposed, then there springs up a bitter and malignant feeling in the mind which quite unhumanizes the man. And he that is not at peace with himself is not at peace with the world; he has no regard for the

well-being of others, he has no consideration for them, but rather looks upon them as his enemies and uses them accordingly. So it may be found in every class of life, from the highest to the lowest, that they who directly or indirectly plunder and prey upon their fellow men, are such as have been disappointed, thwarted, or opposed in their sensuality or pride.

CHAPTER IX.

STRATAGEMS.

It is a hard thing for a man to be forced to live upon his wits who has no wits to live upon. But this is seldom the case; wit of some kind or other most men have, and even if nature have given them none, necessity will supply the deficiency. There is wit of various kinds, from the highest degree of intellectual discernment and sagacity, down to the lowest and dirtiest degree of craft and cunning. There is wit in the elbow of the gambler and in the fingers of the pick-pocket. There is wit in well-balancing the betting-book and in devising some scheme

whereby that which shall seem chance to the loser is certainty to the winner. It is not, perhaps, quite so easy as some persons imagine, to draw the precise line between skill and craft. A definition may, indeed, be given in so many words, but there is a difficulty to make particular and individual cases square exactly with that definition. Almost every new case requires a new law ; the whole system of human society is a sort of jockey club, and all the vast apparatus of legislation is but a multiform and complex contrivance to guard against foul play. The distinction between cheating and outwitting is remarkably fine, and, perhaps, in many minds is rather evanescent and shifting. He who has few wants and many means of supplying them is far more fastidious in the matter of honesty, than he who has many wants and few means of supplying them. It is, however, necessary for the keeping of society together, that there should be something like principle everywhere and in all social transactions, so that while we

find among honest people more roguery than we had expected, we find among rogues more honesty than we had expected.

Fitzgeorge had horses at Newmarket. They had served him for playthings and as topics of talk. He had at Ascot and at Newmarket been familiar with the principal sporting characters high and low, more especially the latter. There was a pungency and piquancy in the style of this kind of society which was an exquisite relief to the more reserved and formal intercourse of the metropolis. He had won and lost at different times, but had not kept any exact record of either winnings or losings. Perhaps he had a stronger recollection of his losings than of his winnings, inasmuch as the former were more disagreeable than the latter, and therefore made a deeper impression; for as every one expects to win, losing produces a shock of disappointment and mortification. He knew that many frequented Newmarket whose only income was the produce of their wits, and he supposed very

naturally that some of his losses had been the consequence more of the superior dexterity of the winner, than of the regular chapter of accidents. It now came to the turn of Fitzgeorge to avail himself of those little irregularities of arrangement by which chance is made certain, and by which the blind goddess is persuaded to lift up the bandage from one corner of her eye, and cast a look of partiality to some ingenious votary of hers. He had a horse entered to run at Newmarket, so great a favourite, that scarcely a single bet could be got against it. But knowing ones are sometimes taken in, and so it happened in the present instance. This most wonderful horse, on which the most sagacious and experienced men at Newmarket would have staked their whole fortune, did by some caprice of fortune, or by some mismanagement, or by some management, lose the race.

Fitzgeorge himself was on the ground, watching the race with an anxious eye. He had some few bets on the favourite, not many, though it

was afterwards ascertained that he might have had more if he would. The few that he had, of course he lost; but instead of congratulating himself on his good fortune that he lost no more, he was exceedingly angry that he lost. He cursed the horse, and he cursed his stars, and he cursed the jockey, and he cursed those who won his money, and he cursed himself who lost it. So many and so various curses seldom at one time, and on one occasion, pass the lips of one individual, as at this time and on this occasion passed the lips of the Honourable Augustus Fitzgeorge. They who were about him on the turf, knowing his imperious disposition and the impatience with which he bore the slightest opposition to his will, or contradiction of his humour, were not a little amused at the towering passion into which he was most graciously pleased to put himself on the present occasion. Then, when this wonderful horse had lost, the knowing ones began to find out that they had suspected beforehand that it must be

so. They were like certain ingenious politicians who, prophesying what will come to pass, never tell their prophecies till the event is found to coincide with the prophecy. Then it was discovered that the horse had been excessively overrated; many said that they would have betted more against it, if they could have found takers. Verily it was a marvellous thing that, before the horse did run, there should be so few betters against it; and that after it had run, there should be a complaint that there were so few takers against it.

Another chance, however, was to be given to the unfortunate animal, in order that it might regain its lost reputation. To gain a reputation is a very difficult task; but to regain reputation is almost next to impossible. It is so with human beings, and, perhaps, the gentlemen of the turf who know as much of horse-flesh as they do of human nature, if not more, thought that it was thus with horses; for they, one and all, dissuaded Fitzgeorge from ventur-

ing a second time the animal which had deceived him once. But he would not be moved; he felt confident, he said, that it would win the next time, and he was ready to back his opinion to any amount. However, when certain odds were offered, he seemed to be rather shy of taking; and the prudent ones commended him for being content with his first loss. Even the jockey who was to ride, did not seem very ready to take the bets that were offered him. So the late favourite was at a miserable discount.

Every mouth was now loudly opened against the unfortunate beast, and most absurdly extravagant odds were offered, which seemed to be almost as absurdly refused. Just before starting, however, Fitzgeorge, by way of obliging some particular friends who were anxious for the honour of being in the books of so great a man, took a few bets that were offered to him, and as he seemed exceedingly indifferent, and betting, as it were, in despair, he had at length a very pretty book to shew with very pretty and

responsible names embellishing it. He looked as demure and dull as if he had no concern in the business of the turf; and when the signal was given and the horses started, he scarcely looked towards the course, and only woke from his reverie when, to the astonishment of all concerned, and apparently as much to his own astonishment, his horse was declared the winner. Then he very smilingly received the congratulations of his friends, and he was once more at his ease again.

Fitzgeorge was not quite so well pleased a few minutes after the race as he had been immediately on its termination. He was not left quite alone, but by some queer accident, of course he could not think it anything but accident, but so it happened, that those who usually on these occasions attended him into the town eagerly conversing with him, and delighting in the notice which he might condescend to take of them, now were conversing with one another, and were apart from him. He might have

joined the party, but he was a proud man, and thought it rather their business to pay court to him than his to pay court to them. Yet he could not help, in spite of himself, casting now and then a sidelong and significant look towards the group, which look of his they saw and understood. Presently the party separated a little, and one or another joined conversation with him. Amongst them was Colonel Fitzmaurice, who pushing his horse between Fitzgeorge and a plebeian black-leg, who was riding in proud familiarity by his side, abruptly said,

“Rather lucky to-day.”

“Better than I had reason to expect,” replied Fitzgeorge, constrainedly.

“You did not expect to win?”

“Of course not.”

“And I suppose you did not expect to lose the first race?”

“Of course not.”

“Capital horse that of yours, worth its weight

in gold. Worth all the rest of your stud. You would not part with him for a trifle."

"For a trifle I certainly would not. He ought to have won the first day," said Fitzgeorge.

"So I thought," replied the colonel, "and so thought everybody, I believe, but there are some horses that will win and lose just as they please; I think I could make a princely fortune with such a horse as that, if I always knew when it would win and when it would lose."

Others of the party joined them, and the conversation became general. Not a word more was said about the race, and in the evening Fitzgeorge found himself in rather humbler company than usual at the hazard table. If he had won every shilling that the whole party was worth it would have been but of little service to him. He retired therefore early in some degree of disgust.

Another race-day remained, but he attended it not. He vanished early in the morning and dined that day in London, knowing what it is

to have a smiling face wherewithal to cover an aching heart. Now again there came to his recollection the dismal view which the gloomy philosopher had taken of human life. But he was not convinced that this was a correct view. It is true that just at the present moment he felt himself not at ease with himself; he had been using a stratagem, an artifice, a trick, and he more than suspected that it was seen through. Here was a double, a triple, a quadruple mortification; he was mortified and annoyed at his own want of dexterity, that he had not been able to manage the matter better; he had forgotten that he was surrounded by keener eyes and longer heads than his own; he was mortified at the decided manner in which it seemed to be taken up by the party at Newmarket, who were in general so exceedingly obsequious to him. It was a sad mortification to be looked down upon by those who had been habituated to look up to him; saddest of all, however, was the thought that when settling-day should

arrive he might have no plea for refusing to pay his losses, and no claim whereon to demand his winnings. He was annoyed not a little at the rude familiarity of Fitzmaurice, whom he could not so easily repel and wither by neglect as he could many others. Fitzmaurice could take liberties which no other man could. Thus in a comparatively short space of time, Fitzgeorge made the discovery that it was possible for a young man of high family, of large fortune, of elegant manners, of great political influence, of remarkably handsome person, and in the studious and careful pursuit of pleasure, and only pleasure, to be involved in circumstances of miserable perplexity and most irritating annoyance. Had any one at the very commencement of his career told him, that a time was not far distant when money and reputation should both at once fail him, he would have regarded the prophet with utter incredulity. Into this perplexity, however, he was now brought, and he saw no immediate means of extricating himself.

The effect of all this was not to give him more rational and consistent ideas of human life and its interests, but to determine him to a still more studious and decided pursuit of his own peculiar pleasure and enjoyment. He did not learn wisdom from experience, but was the more confirmed in his folly of expecting even yet unmingled pleasure. It is true that he felt oppressed by present dejections, and embarrassed by present difficulties ; but he had hopes, even good hopes, of surmounting present difficulties, and of rising above his present dejection. He had still all the elasticity of youthful hope, and though so far he had found some little practical contradiction to the notion which he entertained that he was destined only to the enjoyment of unmixed pleasure, yet he regarded this as merely an accidental occurrence, not likely to be repealed, and far from being the natural and unavoidable condition of his situation and moral temperament. That fine and invaluable lesson which nature means to teach the luxurious and

the sensual through the pains and mortifications which luxury and indulgence inflict, Fitzgeorge had not the wisdom to learn or the faith to believe; for Nature, when it visits the sensualist and the luxurious with sadness, perplexity, and ennui, means by that sad discipline to inform them that such is the condition of human life, that we have only to choose between the involuntary pains which spring from indulgence, selfishness, and indolence, and the voluntary pains of mental diligence, thought, and moral application, which will most certainly be followed by a fairer enjoyment of pleasure, or by that moral energy which bears up against adversity, converting sorrow itself into a blessing, by the fortitude with which it is met and endured.

The settling-day at Tattersall's was near at hand. Fitzgeorge had many of those things which the world calls friends, but not one of them had mentioned the matter to him. In fact, no mortal being can be a friend to him who is no friend himself; but the courtesy of human lan-

guage requires the frequent use of the word *friend*; and as it is most frequently used with greater latitude than accuracy, let it pass and be used in this narrative, as it is all the world over. Fitzmaurice, however, the boldest and most careless of all who called themselves friends, and aspired to an intimate familiarity with Fitzgeorge, presented himself the day before settling-day, and without any preface said, "Do you go to Tattersall's?"

The question was put in such a manner that Fitzgeorge understood it perfectly well, and with the understanding of it there entered into his mind a feeling of as deep mortification and bitter annoyance, as ever human being endured. Although mental pain is far more acute and distressing than bodily pain, yet when mental pain is at the greatest, it then produces a degree of bodily pain. Fitzgeorge felt this;—his pride was wounded, stung, agonised. He felt himself to be prodigiously little. Fond as he was of pomp and show and gorgeous de-

coration, he could not at this moment have enjoyed all the pomp and splendour which the east showers upon her barbarous monarchs; for it was not merely for the sake of his own eye that he loved splendour, he had regard to the eyes, the envy, the approbation of others, and he felt that it would be a miserable mockery to be surrounded with splendour, while he himself, the centre of all that brilliance, was an object of scorn and contempt. For a moment he was humbled, and he humbled himself to say to Fitzmaurice, "What would you advise?"

"I would advise you to stay at home," was the reply.

"The bets were fairly won," said Fitzgeorge.

"There are differences of opinion on that topic," replied the colonel; "and I can tell you that the fellow who rode your horse has undergone an examination before the Jockey Club."

"Well," replied Fitzgeorge, affecting a great degree of indifference.

“’Tis not well,” said the colonel, “I am commissioned to inform you that you are no longer a member of the Jockey Club.”

Fitzgeorge was pale with anger. “How were the votes?”

“We never tell tales out of school.”

CHAPTER X.

A VISIT FROM MR. GRAVES.

THAT a young man in the morning of life should be out of spirits, that a man of large fortune should be in want of money, that a person of high rank should be in deep disgrace, that a studious and attentive pursuer of pleasure, having all the apparent means of pleasure in his possession, should not only miss the object of his pursuit, but bring himself into trouble and annoyance, was perplexing indeed and paradoxical to Fitzgeorge, who could scarcely understand his own situation. He had indeed left his paternal roof, and so far was removed from

paternal restraint; but he yet stood somewhat in awe of paternal admonition, for he knew not where to look but to his father's purse to supply his present deficiencies, and to help him through his present difficulties. He was extremely reluctant to make the application, for he was sure of reproof, but not sure of relief. Lord Fitzgeorge, the father of our hero, was an ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances, having a little mind but great wealth and power, deep in a fox-like cunning, but not profound in real thought; quick in conception, hasty in utterance, seeing well what he saw at all, but not seeing much; loving power and all that gave or strengthened power, therefore loving money, which gives power to any rank of life, and the want of which takes power from the highest: he knew that a rich peasant has more power than a poor lord; and as he loved wealth and power with an equal and undivided affection, he loved them alike even to their minutest fractions; his fingers disdained not the touch of copper,

and he was not satisfied with the mere homage of his tenants, unless he knew that the meanest scullion in his kitchen was also conscious of his power. He loved power with so hearty an attachment, that he was not satisfied with the possession and exercise of it during the time of his natural life, with the certainty of transferring it to his posterity; he would fain have it buried with him, and was absolutely jealous of his heir. After the manner of all little minds he made a fuss about everything, he could take nothing coolly; so that in fact he could hardly be said to use wealth and power so much as to be used by them, they were not so much his as he was theirs; he had not a power over power. Thus also he was, like a weak and silly lover, jealous where there was no real ground for jealousy; showing his weakness where he thought that he was displaying his power; losing the substance for the sake of the shadow of homage; using ever a kind of left-handed cunning which he mistook for wisdom. He was also mightily

religious withal—made his appearance very regularly at church, attracting the eyes of the congregation by the loudness with which he made the responses, as if he had been candidate for the place of parish clerk, criticizing sermons and detecting all traces of false doctrine ; yet so impatient of being preached to, that he would express manifest symptoms of weariness, if the discourse lasted beyond a certain number of minutes. He would, had it been possible, have been parson and clerk too in his own church. Like many other persons whose religion is of this noisy kind, he made great secular use of his religion, and on the strength of it dogmatized much on other matters. The undefined syllogism which passed through the mind of Lord Fitzgeorge on the subject of religion was something like the following: It is right to be religious, I am religious, therefore I am right, and if am right, nothing that I say, think, or do, can be wrong ; but if nothing that I say, think, or do, can be wrong, they who say, think, or

do, that which is contrary to my notions must be wrong. Hence there is a pleasant and inexhaustible topic of apology for all manner of impertinent interference with others, and as this interference is generally more or less resented, hence there arises a spirit of waspishness and irritability.

Now this Lord Fitzgeorge had a confidential and favourite servant, or steward, called Mr. Graves, and to this servant, so far as his lordship could entrust or confide any thing, he trusted the management of his estates and the receipt of his rents. Man and master seemed to be made for each other; there certainly was a difference in their characters, but this difference was but necessary for their relative situations. Mr. Graves was born of honest parents, and had received an education which fitted him, in all respects, for the situation which he held under Lord Fitzgeorge. He resembled his master in his love of power, but he and his master did not quarrel on this point; for instead of entertaining

any feeling of jealousy towards each other, they found that their power was mutually strengthened; for Mr. Graves had no power except what he acquired under the patronage and in the service of Lord Fitzgeorge; and his lordship also found that his power was increased and strengthened by the faithful services of Mr. Graves.—

When Mr. Graves first came into the service of Lord Fitzgeorge he was a very young man, but had nothing youthful about him save the date of his birth. He was as cool-headed and sedate as a man of sixty. He had no other passion than the love of ruling; and so well and heartily did he love to rule, that for this purpose he would submit himself, with the most perfect elasticity of obedience, to all the commands and caprices of Lord Fitzgeorge. There seemed to be on either side a sort of understanding that they were essential to one another; and each submitted to be made a tool of, while each thought that he was out-witting the other. Lord Fitzgeorge never undertook any thing in the management

of his estates, or the disposal of his family, without first consulting Mr. Graves. This consultation, however, was not for the purpose of asking advice, but to be more firmly fixed in his own opinion, by the additional suffrage of another. Mr. Graves found his situation as steward to Lord Fitzgeorge by no means a sinecure: he had much business constantly on his hands, and he was under the necessity of keeping in his service, and attached to his interests, a considerable number of spies and tale-bearers, from whom he learned every thing that was going on in the world that at all concerned Lord Fitzgeorge, either directly or indirectly. Of course, among other matters, he was not unacquainted with all the proceedings of Augustus Fitzgeorge—with all his perplexities and stratagems—with his irregular habits and disorderly associates. All these matters, as in duty bound, he communicated to his master; for it is an especially crafty contrivance of cunning varlets to be filling the ears of their masters with all the minuteness of

gossip and tittle-tattle; by this contrivance they at first imply and at last obtain confidence. It is in service as in friendship, and in all the intercourse of human life, that no one great action prevails so much over the mind, to win and to rule it, as an infinite number of small and minute attentions. A servant who should save his master's life, house, or fortune, would not creep so effectually into his master's good graces, as one who should be always carrying to his ear the prate, prattle, and idle gossip of the neighbourhood, especially if the said master were a little-minded man, having a strong appetite for such food.

It was exceedingly obvious to Mr. Graves, that Lord Fitzgeorge was jealous of his son, envying him his present popularity, and grudging him the reversion of the title and estates. But Mr. Graves knew better than to let his lordship know that he saw all this:—he was able to indulge his lordship in the encouragement of his evil feelings towards his son, without giving an

intimation that he suspected their existence.— Lord Fitzgeorge saw no newspapers but such as Mr. Graves thought proper to put in his way ; for it is a remarkably wise arrangement of the British Constitution, for which, no doubt, we are indebted to the wisdom of our ancestors, that hereditary legislators should be kept in profound ignorance of the people for whom they have to legislate. We have two houses of legislature, one of which knows the people and the other does not, and these two houses *must* agree before any bill can be passed into a law. But let that pass. Mr. Graves never withheld from Lord Fitzgeorge any newspaper which recorded the mad freaks, follies and vagaries of the young Augustus ; and when there appeared in a morning paper an account of the expulsion of the young hopeful from the Jockey Club, Mr. Graves took care that Lord Fitzgeorge should see it.

After breakfast, when the steward waited on his lordship for his orders, the following dialogue took place between them.

“ Graves ! Graves ! What’s this ? Look here—look—read—read !” said his lordship, handing the paper to the steward, who looked at it as calmly curious as if he had never seen it before. When he had read the paragraph that was pointed out to him, he returned the paper to his master, and lifted up his eyes, and sighed at the wickedness of the young man as heartily as Blifil used to bewail the wickedness of Tom Jones.

“ Is it possible, my lord ? Can it be true ?—Surely there must be some mistake. How very unfortunate that this melancholy intelligence should have come thus abruptly to your lordship’s knowledge.”

“ Unfortunate ! No, no—not at all—not at all—glad I know it. Shall know how to manage him now ! Get him in my power ! he shall marry, that he shall—or he shall not have another sixpence ! Graves, go and tell him that he must marry immediately, as the only chance of receiving any assistance from me.”

“Yes, my lord,” replied Graves; “but to whom would your lordship wish him to pay his addresses?”

“Pay his addresses!” exclaimed Lord Fitzgeorge: “he pay his addresses!—Nonsense!—I’ll provide him a wife;—but tell him he must marry. I can manage him better when he is married than I can now.”

“Your lordship, then,” replied Graves, with the utmost formality, “would have me inform the Honourable Augustus Fitzgeorge, that it is your lordship’s sovereign will and pleasure, that he should hold himself in readiness to marry whatever lady your lordship may be pleased to select for him.”

“Exactly so,” replied his lordship; “if I leave the choice to him, he will be ten years making it. No, no!—I had no choice, as any body may see, and I will not suffer him to have one. Now, Graves, you understand me.”

“Perfectly, my lord.”

“Ay, ay! you are a clever fellow, Graves—

very clever fellow ! I should not know what to do without you. You shall go to Augustus directly. I'll order the carriage for you ; and, do you hear, I wish as you go that you would call at my chaplain's at Lambeth, and tell him that I am very angry with him for keeping so much company. He had two tea-parties last week ! They played at cards, too ! I will have none of my chaplains play at cards, except on an emergency, when I want to make up a table in my own house. There's nothing about cards in the Bible. And tell Augustus, that I wish he would go to church more regularly. If church is good enough for me, it is good enough for him !—There—now you have your commission.—Do you understand ?”

“ I do, my lord, perfectly.”

“ Tell Augustus, that if he will marry immediately, and go to church twice every Sunday, and every Wednesday and Friday in Lent,—I'll —I'll do something towards paying his debts.”

Full of his high commission, the solemn Mr.

Graves hastened to the mansion of Fitzgeorge, where, sending in his name, he soon had access to the young gentleman's presence: for all who had any favour to seek, or any anger to deprecate from Lord Fitzgeorge, paid studious court to Mr. Graves. Indeed, it was supposed at the time, and with much reason, that it was in this kind of homage that Mr. Graves had his chief delight and principal reward—for he had very low wages from Lord Fitzgeorge, and few, if any perquisites.

Now Augustus Fitzgeorge had a very great contempt for this Mr. Graves, and the man knew that very well; but he was a crafty dissembler, and put a good face on the matter, smiling and bowing, as if he were all goodness and condescension. The contrast, indeed, between Fitzgeorge and Mr. Graves was very great. The one was a man of business and the other was a man of pleasure. The one was all companionship and gaiety of heart—the other was as demure as a frozen old maid; and even in his cups—for he

could drink occasionally—he was mightily cautious and circumspect. A man of ordinary craft in the situation of Mr. Graves, naturally wishing to retain his situation under the next heir, would have paid, perhaps, a little more real and practical homage to Augustus; but the fact is, that this Mr. Graves was as deep as the bottomless pit. He knew that he was paying most effectual court to the next successor by taking part with the father against the son. He knew the temperament and disposition of Augustus better, perhaps, than he knew it himself, and was well aware that, however opposed the son was now to his father, yet, if the son should become Lord Fitzgeorge, he would be quite as well inclined as his father to domineer over his vassals and dependents;—so Mr. Graves was virtually recommending himself to Augustus by thwarting and opposing him. The truly crafty man has neither loves nor hatreds—for love and hatred are passions—and passion blinds a man to his own interest. Therefore, if a man's object be wealth

or power, let him eschew all indulgence in any of the passions of his nature: happy in such circumstances they who by nature are endowed with no passions—but wise are they who subdue them or conceal them. In this happy state of apathetic indifference was Mr. Graves; and he was able to govern and direct others by means of the absence of all passion; for he had just such an advantage over men of passion, as a sober man has over drunken men, or as a man with one eye over those that are blind. Moreover, being the favourite servant of a powerful and opulent nobleman, he had much power and influence; for all the world knows, that in a great family a servant, who is a favourite, has greater power than a child who is not a favourite.

Fitzgeorge was quite a gentleman, and Mr. Graves, from living among people of high rank, had acquired a pretty fair smattering of gentlemanly manners. Now the very essence of gentlemanly manners is appropriateness of demeanour, or adapting the manner of address to

the style and rank of those addressed. Most reverently and respectfully did Mr. Graves address himself to Augustus Fitzgeorge, as if mindful of the high rank and expectations of the individual before him; but with all this courtesy of address, both he and Fitzgeorge knew, that though the apparent humility was on one side, the real humility was on the other.

“This is a troublesome affair, Mr. Graves,” said Fitzgeorge; “my father, of course, knows all the particulars.”

“The world, upon these occasions,” replied Mr. Graves, “is sufficiently communicative. The particulars of your present difficulties may not be all known to my honoured master, the Lord Fitzgeorge; for I felt it my duty to conceal from his lordship whatever might be calculated to give him pain.”

“Of course he knows,” replied Fitzgeorge, “that I have been outvoted at the Jockey Club, and that I am surrounded with duns.”

“All this his lordship knows perfectly well,

and feels deeply grieved at his knowledge of the fact," said Mr. Graves.

"And is, no doubt, ready to give a helping hand to get me out of the scrape: for which purpose, I suppose, you, Mr. Graves, will be kind enough to use your influence, which all the world knows to be very great."

"Whatever influence I may chance to have, either from my poor abilities, or my faithful services, I would use that influence solely for the benefit of that great and good man whom I have the honour to serve."

"Very right, Mr. Graves, perfectly commendable. But at the same time I think it would be greatly to the advantage of Lord Fitzgeorge, that his son's debts were paid."

"But where are the means to be procured?" replied Mr. Graves. "Great as is the wealth of my Lord Fitzgeorge, that wealth is not inexhaustible. You will consider, also, that his lordship has a large family to provide for. Moreover, with reverence be it spoken, you should

consider what a great number of poor relations your honoured mother, the Lady Fitzgeorge, has to provide for. Besides, the establishment which Lord Fitzgeorge must of necessity keep up, is not to be provided for without very considerable expense."

"All this I know perfectly well, Mr. Graves ; but permit me to say, that my father's tenants do not pay half so much rent as they can afford to pay : he might raise his rents very considerably ; and as I am rather a favourite with many of the tenants, I do not think that they would grumble, if they knew that it was for my accommodation."

Mr. Graves smiled, or, more properly speaking, he put his features into that forced and unusual position which he intended to represent a smile, and said, "Ah, my honoured sir, you know not the heart of a tenant, and you know not the look of a tenant when he is called upon for money. I am personally and practically acquainted with these matters ; I know the diffi-

culty which already exists of procuring the present payments, and I tremble at the thought of demanding more, even in cases of imperious necessity, where the claim is reasonable and just. Now, though you may be a favourite with some few of Lord Fitzgeorge's tenants," Mr. Graves laid great stress on the words *some few*, "yet you would cease to be a favourite with them if they found you to be expensive to them. If the rents are to be raised, all must be raised; the rents of those with whom you may be a favourite, and the rents also of those with whom you may not be a favourite; for your friends and admirers would be very reluctant to bear the whole burden among themselves."

"My good Sir," replied Fitzgeorge banteringly, "I care not who bears the burden so as it is removed from my shoulders."

"Ah!" replied Mr. Graves, who affected to understand the speech literally, "that is a bad principle, a very bad principle; pardon me, but it is not consistent with the high station which

you hold in society. Moreover, it is also inconsistent with the well known generosity of your character. But there is one mode by which you might not only get rid of your present difficulties, but place yourself in a truly honourable situation, thereby conciliating the esteem of the wise and good."

Now it so happened that there was no set of people on the face of the earth for whom Fitzgeorge had so utter a distaste, as for those who are called by themselves the wise and the good. He considered them to be spoonies, flats and hypocrites. He hated them for their mawkish sentimentality and their moral conceit; and therefore, when Mr. Graves talked to him about conciliating their esteem, he felt a kind of disgust, and replied with some degree of pettishness, "And pray, Mr. Graves, how am I ever to conciliate the esteem of the wise and good?"

"By entering into the holy state of matrimony," said Mr. Graves.

Fitzgeorge did sometimes swear, yet seldom,

very seldom indeed in the presence of Mr. Graves, who was a very solemn man, but on the present occasion, and at the present recommendation, he was so far transported as to violate propriety and the ears of Mr. Graves, by swearing a great many more oaths than it is now the custom to print, even in the most eviscerated form.

“Matrimony ! matrimony ! Mr. Graves, do you think I am mad ? when plebeians cannot pay their debts they go to prison ; from that punishment I am exempt, but a very pretty fool I should be to expose and submit myself to a still greater punishment than imprisonment. To whom, I pray you, does my honoured father design to yoke me in matrimony ?”

“On that topic,” replied Mr. Graves, “his lordship has not condescended to enlighten me. From what passed, indeed, I apprehend that the choice is not yet made, but that his lordship waits your consent before he will fix on the happy choice.”

“Then let him wait for ever,” said Fitzgeorge. “No, Mr. Graves: look you here.’ Then he pointed to the splendid furniture and pictures with which the room in which they were sitting was adorned. “Every article of use and decoration in this, and in every other room in the house, shall come under the hammer of the auctioneer, sooner than I will consent to the arrangement which you propose. I will send my horses and my carriages to fetch what they will—I will break up my establishment, and dismiss my servants; I will sell my wines and my plate, every article of use or luxury shall go to pay my debts, but I will not marry. You may carry this message, if you will, to my honoured father; and ask him if he wishes to see the name of Fitzgeorge made humble in the public eye.”

“All this I can certainly do,” said Mr. Graves; “but I am decidedly of opinion that it will be to no purpose. Lord Fitzgeorge, as you may know, is very firm of purpose, and is

not easily beaten out of his humour. If he make up his mind to any given line of conduct, not all the persuasions, threats, or arguments in the world can induce him to change. But why should you object to matrimony? See you not what great domestic bliss your honoured father enjoys in that holy state?"

"It is a bliss," replied Fitzgeorge, "that I envy not."

"Furthermore," continued Mr. Graves, "your honoured father commissions me to say, that he greatly disapproves your neglect of church."

"Possibly he may," replied Augustus, "he has a remarkable fancy for church-going, in which taste I by no means agree with him. The whole result of your embassy to me, Mr. Graves, amounts to nothing. I tell you plainly and positively I will not comply with your conditions; and if I cannot get rid of my incumbrances in any other way, I will dispose of every article I possess in the world. My difficulties are already known, my father's penuriousness is

not, or at least there is not a general conviction of it. I will let the world see it, by reducing myself down to a state of comparative indigence and obscurity."

This was but a sudden freak which entered the mind of Fitzgeorge while conversing with Mr. Graves, and when that solemn man was gone, the gay young spendthrift amused himself with meditating on his new scheme.—“ ’Twill do,” said he to himself, “ ’twill do. It is a most admirable contrivance; I shall gain great credit with the public; I shall be pitied, and I shall be popular. It will be altogether a new kind of life to me; and after all, however divested I may be of my trappings and decorations, plainly as I may live, plainly as I may dress, plainly as I may be lodged, I shall not and cannot descend into the plebeian caste. I shall still be the Honourable Augustus Fitzgeorge, I shall still be honoured and respected for my rank and family. By this contrivance I shall also mortify my father most effectually;

and when I find that he is mortified indeed, and offers to make terms with me, I will take care to make such terms as shall be really beneficial to me. My father fancies that he has power over me, I will let him see that I have power over him."

CHAPTER XI.

RETRENCHMENT.

FITZGEORGE was thoroughly sulky, and he determined to carry on the work of retrenchment with an unsparing hand. He assembled about himself the auctioneers, and other convenient people, by whose means money is raised from the sale of the various playthings with which great babies amuse themselves. There is a pleasure to a child in the acquisition of a new toy, and there is perhaps, nearly, if not quite as great a pleasure, in the demolition of an old one. Fitzgeorge had feasted and gratified his sight, in viewing and

reviewing the splendid and decorative furniture with which the ingenious and tasteful upholsterers had adorned his mansion; he had seen his house gradually grow in embellishment, under the operation of his own inventive skill and power of design, and now he had a new, and quite unanticipated pleasure, in ordering and witnessing the demolition of this finery. He could not but think with admiration of the magnificent catalogue which the auctioneers would have to put forth, of the invaluable valuables which formed the sum total of his domestic possessions. He took account, also, of his horses and carriages, and his rare and curious wines, and thought that, peradventure, he might make a good merchandize of them, selling them for more than they cost, by virtue of his distinguished name and acknowledged taste. Not very accurately knowing his father's character, or appreciating his motives, he thought he should be thus revenging himself, by exposing his necessities to the world. Moreover, he had

some and no small degree of satisfaction, in the thought of the world's sympathy with his privations, and of its commendations of his greatness of mind. Alack, alack ! the world does not often think how much littleness there is at the basis and foundation of that which it is pleased to call greatness.

As in that part of his career which Fitzgeorge had already run, he had experienced many a pain, and suffered many a mortification which he had not anticipated—so now he was enjoying a pleasure which he had not anticipated. It is thus that reality loves to mock our fond imaginations, giving us pleasure where we expected pain, and pain where we had anticipated pleasure.

“ My dear fellow,” said Borrowman to Fitzgeorge, one day during the progress and paroxysm of this fit of retrenchment, “ are you mad ? Are you going to relinquish all the pleasures and gaieties of life, and turn hermit ? ”

“ No such thing, my dear Borrowman,” re-

plied Fitzgeorge; "I am merely trying to mortify the old gentleman, and to get myself a fresh appetite for gaiety by a temporary abstinence."

"But you are not serious in your intention of paying your debts; because, if you are guilty of such an unconstitutional trick as that, your friends must cut you."

"Have you never paid a debt in the whole course of your life?" said Fitzgeorge.

"I must acknowledge that I did once; but that was merely to make a man stare. I went one evening to my banker's, purposely after banking hours, for I knew that my account was over-drawn, and seeing only one solitary clerk there, I begged him to lend me ten guineas with all the air of a man who is punctual in his payments; and whether it was from compassion, or whether it was from a mere frolic, or from an inability to deny me, I cannot tell, but he lent me the money, and I paid him again at the time appointed."

“ And he stared with astonishment,” said Fitzgeorge.

“ Why, no,” replied Borrowman; “ he was going to stare, but recollecting his manners, and thinking that it might be rude to shew such marked symptoms of wonderment, he put the money into his pocket with an air of exquisite indifference, just as if he had expected to receive it.—But how long, in the name of wonder, do you design to carry on this farce ?”

“ Till I feel tired of the change. There is nothing like a little variety to give a zest to life.”

“ So I suppose the next time you go to make papa a visit, you will go in a hackney coach.”

“ Ay, any thing that will mortify the old boy.”

“ But let me give you a word of advice. Mortify the old gentleman as much as you please; sting him, gall him, quiz him, bother him, but do not let the world see that you study to annoy him; rather let it appear that he persecutes you, but that you bear it all with most

exemplary patience, and that you are a most dutiful son. That is the true way to obtain public sympathy."

"Thank you for your advice, which, by the way," said Fitzgeorge, "is rather superfluous, for it is the precise line of conduct which I had laid down for myself. You may assure yourself, Borrowman, that I am by no means unaware of the value of a good name, just at this time, among my father's tenants. I shall exhibit myself to them as a marvellously pretty piece of injured innocence; and while I profess myself a most dutiful son, I shall most effectually provoke the public feeling against my honoured father. He may thank himself for it all, whatever craft and duplicity I have learnt, I have learnt from him. It is really amusing to see how he, and that demure varlet, Graves, play off their stratagems one against the other. Graves fancies that he is trusted in every thing, but the truth is, he is trusted in nothing. He is an useful instrument; he manages the estate

so as to make it productive, and he bears all the odium of those measures, which he fancies are his own, but which, in reality, are my father's. I am really amused to see a solemn ass, who thinks himself prodigiously wise, thus used as a mere cat's-paw and scape-goat. My worthy lady mother, too, finds him a most serviceable creature in helping her poor relations. My only fear, indeed, is that they will all three play such tricks with the estate, that when it comes into my possession it will be scarcely worth having."

"Never fear that," exclaimed Borrowman, "it is a capital estate, and will bear a great deal of improvement yet. But that fellow Graves is a piece of such exquisite formality and old maidishness, that he will never hear a word of improvement or alteration. The land is capital, and the tenants industrious, substantial, and responsible men; they may grumble now and then, and talk of throwing up their farms. but they know better; they know when they are well off, and I know when they will be better off."

“Ay, Borrowman,” replied Fitzgeorge, “I think that, with the assistance of your advice, and that of our friend Leppard, we might make some considerable improvements in the state of things in general. But at present we must only think of retrenchment.”

“But,” continued Borrowman, “you advertise your wines; do you intend to empty your cellars without the assistance of your friends?”

“We shall fill them again, and perhaps we may find it expedient to retain a little, just a little. But the fact is, that it is desirable to make our retrenchments as ostentatious as possible. We must appear to the world to wear sackcloth and ashes.”

“Capital—you will be an object of universal pity and universal praise. Fathers will talk about you, and point you out as an example to their sons; creditors will extol you as the prince of debtors, and the very model of high-minded integrity. You will even impose upon your father.”

“Not quite,” replied Fitzgeorge, “he has known me from my childhood; and he knows that it is no part of my system or habit to expose myself wilfully and voluntarily to any real mortification or painful self-denial.”

So the work of dismantling and retrenchment went on most swimmingly. The Honourable Augustus Fitzgeorge was no more the gay, the extravagant, the fashionable; but he had reduced his establishment to a mere nothing; he was as plain and economical in his dress and in his table as any of his father's agricultural tenants. Newmarket and Ascot heard nothing of his stud, the mansion which had been the life and bustle of the neighbourhood in which it stood, was now as silent as a convent and dark as a sepulchre. He occupied only one or two small rooms, leaving the others deprived of their furniture, and denied even the embellishment of daylight. His friends expostulated with him, his enemies taunted him, the world talked about him. Strange to say, notwith-

standing his decided and unbounded taste for splendour and ostentation, he did not find this seclusion and retirement at all wearisome or annoying. He seemed rather to imagine that it opened to him a new chapter in the volume of human life. In many respects it opened to him new and hitherto unexperienced scenes. Still he pursued the course of pleasure, for the whole business of his life was pleasure. When he was not occupied in life's gaieties, or shining in its splendours, he was still devoted to his pursuits of sensuality.

In this interval of privacy and apparent self-denial there was good opportunity for the activity of the imagination in devising new forms of luxury and new styles of decoration. An empty house gave room enough for the fancy to run riot and to create for its own amusement images of future splendour. The accuracy of mercantile calculation was no part of the system or practice of Fitzgeorge. His preceptors had not failed indeed to instruct him in the use and

power of figures, but he knew nothing of their practical application. Figures were to him pure abstractions, and he regarded them by no means in connection with pounds, shillings, and pence. Involved in debt to nearly ten times the amount of his annual income, he had a sort of vague notion that a few months' abstinence from his usual extravagances would be sufficient to get rid of his incumbrances, or so to remove the immediate pressure and annoyance of them that he might presently return again to his old habits and shine as brightly and brilliantly as ever. His principal hope, however, was that he might shame his father into some concession. In this hope he was disappointed, nor did the formation and encouragement manifest any great degree of practical wisdom. It might have been clear enough to him by this time that Lord Fitzgeorge was not easily to be moved from his purposes, and that the more absurd those purposes were the more pertinaciously he was likely to adhere to them. Opposition always had the effect of

fixing him more decidedly and obstinately on what he meditated and desired. Moreover, it generally happens that persons in the highest as well as people in the lowest conditions of society are equally inaccessible by shame. In the lowest grades there is nothing to lose by way of reputation, and in the highest, though there may be something to gain, yet there are always about them those who pay precisely the same homage to the individual, whatever be the moral and intellectual character; nothing is heard but the language of compliment and the music of a gentle flattery. There was no one about Lord Fitzgeorge who dared to tell him that his conduct towards his son was contemptible and mean, and that the shallowest observers of human life could easily see through the thin veil of hypocrisy, with which he attempted to conceal and disguise it. There was no one who dared say to him that by this persecution he did not shew so manifestly his hatred of vice as his mean malignity against his

own son. There was no one who dared to tell him that he was corroborating, and that intentionally, the reckless habits of the young spendthrift. There was no one who dared to tell him that when this fit of retrenchment should be over, the fever of extravagance would break forth again with redoubled violence and a force of greater destructiveness.

When Mr. Graves, who was known, or perhaps, to speak more accurately, was supposed to have great influence over Lord Fitzgeorge, was persuaded to use his power to induce Lord Fitzgeorge to do something for the relief of his son's embarrassments, the unnatural parent affected to be so considerate of his tenants, that he would not raise the rents for the support, as he called it, of the young man's extravagance. Yet, at the same time, he was collecting money from his tenants to send to his wife's poor relations, and that not so much to relieve their actual poverty, which no one would have blamed him for, as to put them into a

sphere of life far above anything to which they had been accustomed, or any of their ancestors before them. The relations of Lady Fitzgeorge were, indeed, gentlefolks by birth and education; they had estates, though very small ones, and the very circumstance which had induced Lord Fitzgeorge's mother to select him a wife amongst the little gentry, was, that the young woman might be subservient, and feel herself dependant. It was little thought, though it might have been expected, that she would have quartered her poor relations on Lord Fitzgeorge's tenants; so, however, she did, and they had the vanity to think, that they had a right to cut as great a figure in the world almost as Lord Fitzgeorge himself. So while his lordship was feeding, clothing and decorating these gentry, his own son—his eldest son and heir—was left to be surrounded with duns, and annoyed by his embarrassed circumstances.

Now many of Lord Fitzgeorge's tenants, seeing the difficulties to which Augustus was re-

duced, would willingly, of their own accord, have come forward to assist him, but they knew that Lord Fitzgeorge would not be pleased that they should, therefore they abstained. In nothing, perhaps, did Lord Fitzgeorge more shew his weakness, than by making among his friends a frequent boast of his duplicity. He affected to be exceedingly partial to artifice, and stratagem, but then he was weak enough to talk about it, and he managed it so clumsily, that the merest child could discover it. In truth, he deceived nobody but himself, and he deceived himself so completely, as to persuade himself that he was a perfect master of artifice, when artifice was completely the master of him. Men of the profoundest duplicity never talk of artifice.

It is not to be supposed that an individual, so entirely and systematically devoted to indulgence as Augustus Fitzgeorge, should, even in his temporary retirement from the public eye, cease from the pursuit to which his whole life

was given, and all the powers of his mind and thought surrendered. It was now his amusement to engage in anonymous amours, seeking the society of some of the dirtiest and lowest of the sons and daughters of men. Nor were there wanting those who carried to the pious Lord Fitzgeorge, and to the fastidious and superaccurate Lady Fitzgeorge, a full account of the proceedings of their promising son. And the pious Lord Fitzgeorge said his prayers very loudly twice every Sunday in his parish church, knowing at the very time, that he was lifting up his eyes so piously as to fascinate the parish clerk, that he was suffering his son to run into all manner of excesses, without contriving, wishing, or desiring, to extricate him from his morally perilous condition. The virtuous Lady Fitzgeorge also heard, with great indifference, of her sons irregularities, so long as she had money to send to her poor relations, and so long as she could have her person decorated with diamonds, and her cabinets filled with curiosities.

In the mean time, the poor forsaken and forlorn Juliet was living in the solitude of a miserable lodging, which had once been decorated with many ornaments, and gladdened by the presence—the graceful presence—of her beloved and gentle Fitzgeorge. By degrees these ornaments vanished—one after another they found their way into shop-windows again, tempting once more the eye of thoughtless extravagance, and inviting simple people to part with their pence. Fitzgeorge had now deserted, forsaken, neglected her; poor Juliet, however, was not merely a sacrifice to retrenchment, but she was forsaken, because she had ceased to please, by attempting to please too much. Her love had been too great to meet return. She had the mortification of knowing that another had taken her place; that another was living in comparative luxury and gaiety at the expense of Fitzgeorge, who had once been hers—and only hers. Still she possessed the bond which Fitzgeorge had given her: it was a painful memorandum of the

delightful past. She once had shed over it tears of joy ; but now she wept upon it tears of sorrow. “ Alas ! ” she would often say to herself, “ what is or can be the use of this bond ? A bond it was once by which my heart was bound to him ; but now whom does it bind, or what ? Will it produce me any of the comforts of life, or supply my wants ? Can I ask my beloved one for money ? For still—still he is my beloved—and he will be as long as life shall last. Alas ! he also is suffering many privations—he has many importunate creditors—very troublesome people—why should I add to their number by my importunities ? But why did he forsake me ? Did I ever cease to love him ? Ah ! no—no—no never !—I have loved him with an unabated, with an increasing love, that has grown upon me day after day. Oh ! I have had enemies ! Sad thought ! I have had cruel enemies, who have been the means of alienating his affections.—Just when I thought that I was secure in his affection and esteem—when life was smiling upon

me with promise and with joy, then to be dashed at once from the highest pinnacle to the deepest humiliation, and it is more than I can bear !— Poor dear Fitzgeorge ! Merciless creditors surround him ! and merciless creditors surround me too ! I can sympathise with him !”

But Juliet knew that her creditors were not to be satisfied with sentimentality, or to be blown away with sighs, or washed away with tears. Retrenchment was a matter of more seriousness to Juliet than it was to Fitzgeorge. She could not make a jest of her obscurity, or enjoy the joke of riding in a hackney coach instead of a gilded chariot. She had no brilliant expectations and reversions, whereby creditors may be taught respectfulness, even in the midst of their importunities. With her destitution was not transient, but permanent. She could not return to the profession, which for the sake of Fitzgeorge she had left, nor was there any other to which she could return. By her own weakness and by the wickedness of Fitzgeorge,

she suffered a threefold destitution. She had been first deprived of a profession by means of which she might have subsisted ! she was in the next place so initiated in luxury, and so surrounded with elegancies and indulgence, that her wants were increased, and many things became necessities, which once had been superfluities ; and lastly, she was rendered totally unable to return again to that line of life from whence she had been taken. Then did she lament her folly ; but even then she did not reproach Fitzgeorge.

Influenced more by a foolish and romantic fondness than by any higher sentiment of generosity, she abstained long from urging her claim upon the bond. For the supply of her daily expenses, which had been reduced to the narrowest possible compass, she had recourse to the disposing of the various pretty trinkets and toys which in the days of his fondness her thoughtless lover had lavished upon her. But these things could not last for ever, nor could they

last long ; there is a great difference too between the money which toys cost, and the money which toys will fetch for those who can no longer afford to keep them. Moreover, there is a great deal of difference between the retrenchment that cuts down superfluities merely, and that which encroaches upon the necessities of life. The one is seen and the other is felt.

The time came at length when, in spite of all her magnanimous and sentimental resolves, Juliet was driven to have recourse to her bond. She looked at it, and wept over it, and sighed over it. It was the only memorial that was now left of her beloved Fitzgeorge, and very strongly did she suspect that it was as worthless and valueless as he that had given it. It had to the eye all the appearance of a valuable and veritable document ; but when presented to one who had no means of redeeming it, it became a mere mockery. To the beloved, but no longer loving giver of the bond, Juliet at last was induced to write a long and sentimental letter,

stating her great necessities, and alluding to the bond in terms as delicate and respectful as possible. But neither the English language, nor any other language on the face of the earth has terms sufficiently delicate wherewith money may be demanded of one that has not the means of paying it. Her letter remained unanswered. Another and another was written ; an answer was at length extorted, and an interview was at last appointed.

How gaily then did beat and bound the heart of the simple Juliet ! Then did she begin to flatter herself that the roving heart was coming back to her, that the buried love was coming to life again, and that Fitzgeorge would once more be hers. She neither knew him nor knew herself. She now took more pains, if possible, than ever with the duties of the toilet, and she seemed to imagine that she looked as beautiful and as interesting as ever. She could see no difference, except it were for the better, between her present appearance and that which

first had captivated Fitzgeorge; but there was one charm which she had possessed then, which she did not now, which no art could give and without which the heart of Fitzgeorge was absolutely inaccessible, that charm was novelty. Not being tired of her own pretty face she thought that Fitzgeorge could not be tired of it, and fondly imagined that the more she could make herself look like what she had been, the more likely she should be to regain the lost affections of her former lover. She was wrong, miserably wrong. Spill water on the sand and gather it up again, destroy life and restore it, persuade yesterday to give back its departed hours, and make that which has been not to have been; then may a man be persuaded to love a second time her whom he hath once ceased to love. Love may exist for ever, but it can only exist once. This is the only true theory of the unity of love. A man may love more than once, but he cannot love the same person

more than once. Seldom does he attempt it, and if he does he is sure to fail.

A politer man than Augustus Fitzgeorge never lived,—his formality was so exquisitely graceful, that it might pass for sincerity. How kindly did he receive the forlorn and suppliant Juliet! No haughtiness, no coldness, no repulsive frozen look or embarrassed shyness, that looks as if it wished to forget what it could not forget; but all was ease and gracefulness, and pleasant gentleness of manner, as though there had never been the slightest alienation. Vulgar men, under such circumstances, must have been rude or sheepish, pained themselves, and giving pain to others. It was not so with Fitzgeorge. Juliet, whose heart fluttered and trembled with agitation before she was ushered into his presence, felt herself at once at ease; she forgot his desertion, and forgave his inconstancy. Nothing of the past was remembered, save that which it was pleasant to think of. The countenance of

the lady brightened up at this reception, and she felt as though all that had passed since last she saw Fitzgeorge was merely an unpleasant dream from which she was now waking to a pleasant reality.

“ Surely I have had enemies,” said Juliet, “ who have endeavoured to injure me in the esteem of my best, my dearest, my only friend !”

“ It is the invariable lot of real worth,” replied Fitzgeorge, “ to be exposed to the shafts of calumny.”

“ Yes,” answered Juliet, “ and if the good and generous Fitzgeorge himself cannot escape the tongue of the calumniator, how can I expect or hope exemption from it ?”

“ Your only consolation and defence against it,” said Fitzgeorge, “ must be the consciousness of your integrity, a consolation which will never fail you or forsake you.”

Fitzgeorge looked exceedingly fascinating and interesting, but the fascinating and interesting looks of Fitzgeorge would not pay Juliet’s debts,

or drive away the duns that were daily besieging her door. The bond had not been alluded to in the interview, and though Juliet had named it in her letters, there was a want of courage to speak of it in his presence. Oh the generosity, the delicacy, the noble-mindedness of the good Fitzgeorge! He spared the trembling and agitated Juliet the pain of introducing the topic by alluding to it himself in terms so generous, and with such an exquisite propriety, that she was ready to cancel the obligation at once, and let her creditors wait till they were tired.

“Oh name it not!” she exclaimed with a passionate earnestness, “I grieve for the sad necessity that exists for any allusion to it. Between us there should be no other bonds than those of generous sentiment.”

Fitzgeorge wished that there were no others, for those he could very easily dispense with. “Dearest Juliet,” said he, in a tone and with a look worth at least half the money, “the bond exists—given by me freely, knowingly, and it must be paid.”

“ Must be paid !” replied Juliet, “ did I say ‘ must ? ’ ”

“ No, my beloved, you were too good and generous to say it,” answered Fitzgeorge, “ but I say it must and shall. If every other obligation is neglected, and all my other creditors should be deprived of their claims, my Juliet shall not be wronged of a single farthing. The bond is yours, and shall be paid.”

“ Oh, no, no,” said Juliet, affectedly, “ say not so. It shall not, it must not. I know the generosity of Fitzgeorge’s heart.”

“ Dearest Juliet,” said Fitzgeorge again, in a tone which was well worth the other half of the bond, “ say no more; but it shall be paid and that, if possible, on this very instant.” Softening down his tone, from the high romantic to the mild and gentle pathetic, he continued, “ Ah, my beloved friend, the world has used me harshly, ungenerously, unjustly ! Common, vulgar minds cannot enter into the feelings of those who are born in life’s higher spheres.

There is a disposition in low-minded people, to bring everything down to their own mean level."

"Contemptible, despicable creatures," exclaimed Juliet.

"They do not see," continued Fitzgeorge, that gilded roofs, and sumptuous carriages, and splendid galas, are more to me than daily bread is to them. Some of my father's tenants, in a strain of cant which would not disgrace a methodist parson, turn up their eyes, and say that it is very hard, that they should take the bread out of the mouths of their children to furnish me with race-horses. Are not race-horses more to me than their children's bread?"

"Mean wretches," exclaimed Juliet, "infinitely more, my beloved friend."

"To think, also, of the littleness of those tradespeople," said Fitzgeorge, "they are the very pest of society. They interfere with, and embitter all the sweets and comforts of life. They, forsooth, must be paid, little thinking at

the same time, how inconvenient, and sometimes how impossible it is to pay them."

"Base fellows!" replied Juliet. "I know it; yes, my Fitzgeorge, I know how absurdly importunate they are. Oh, they have not the slightest notion of true generosity of soul, or high liberality of feeling."

"Things would go on pleasantly enough," said Fitzgeorge, "if it were not for them; but they mar everything that is beautiful, and interfere with all the enjoyments of life. They deserve to suffer for their very insolence and impertinence."

"Nothing is too bad for them," replied Juliet, moved to this cruelty of expression more, perhaps, by her sympathy with Fitzgeorge, than by the actual, though numerous annoyances which she herself had suffered, and was likely to suffer from them.

"But my Juliet's bond shall be paid," said Fitzgeorge; "yes, if the work of dismantling proceed yet farther, and if I be reduced to a

bare subsistence. I will bear the legal insults of my vulgar creditors; yes, I will even brave the anger of my unnatural father, and will insist upon it that he shall pay the bond. Let me endure what I may of parental anger, or personal privation, my Juliet's bond shall be paid."

This was said with such an amazing emphasis, and such a tone of deep feeling and earnestness, that Juliet was overwhelmed and lost in astonishment at his loftiness of thought and sublimity of sentiment. She sat for a while in a maze of wonderment and stupor, scarcely knowing what to think, or whether to think at all. The unparalleled generosity of this best of men, so superior to all the little meannesses of dirty tradespeople, quite captivated her heart afresh. —Ten thousand conflicting thoughts rushed through her agitated soul. Love, pity, joy, gratitude, sorrow, grief, and ecstasy of spirit, all blended together, threw her into an indescribable agitation, and rising from her seat, she took the bond from her pocket-book, and then directing

to Fitzgeorge a look as lovely as any Juliet ever gave to any Romeo, and modulating her voice into a most musical key, she exclaimed, "Never?" Then she tore the bond in half. "Never!" Then she tore it into four pieces. "Never!"—Then she tore it into eight. "Never—never—never—never!" So she went on, tearing the bond into pieces smaller and smaller, till at length it was reduced to mince-meat. Then she sat down, exhausted with fatigue, and overwhelmed with admiration of her own generosity and elevation of sentiment.

Fitzgeorge himself was so taken by surprise, that he was absolutely thunderstruck, and had not presence of mind sufficient to prevent the catastrophe. So there the bond lay on the floor, all in very little pieces—so little, that it would have been impossible to put it together again.

"What have you done?" exclaimed Fitzgeorge.

"An act of justice!" she replied.

"An act of generosity!" he responded.—

“ Oh, Juliet ! This is too much ! This must not be allowed or thought of. I must replace that bond, which you have, in the madness of your generosity, so thoughtlessly destroyed.”

“ Nay, most excellent of men !” replied Juliet, “ say not thoughtlessly but considerately ; it was from an impulse of feeling—but it was an act of the judgement.”

Then she rose to depart ; and Fitzgeorge said, “ But when, my beloved, when shall we meet again ?”

“ I am your slave,” said Juliet. And so they parted. Juliet returned to her apartments full of admiration of her beloved Fitzgeorge, and prepared to treat the importunities of her creditors with the contempt which they deserved. Fitzgeorge that day sat gaily down to dinner with Fitzmaurice and Isabella, and the party laughed heartily at the amusing narrative which Fitzgeorge gave of his interview with the sentimental Juliet.

CHAPTER XII.

MORE EXTRAVAGANCE.

WHEN he who has been long accustomed to a well-spread table, with all its suitable appointments and becoming elegancies, is by any accident of situation, as a day's sport in hunting or shooting, drawn far away from home, and is driven, by the sharp necessity of a pressing hunger, to sit down at the humble table of a cottager, he feels so great a relish in the refreshment, together with an amusement in the variety, that he fancies he could always live thus; but soon he grows tired of the change, and sighs for his ordinary mode of satisfying his daily

hunger. So did the Hon. Augustus Fitzgeorge grow soon tired of that obscurity which had at the first taste so much pleased and amused him. He soon began to find that the element of his life and being was in the eye of society, and in the admiration of a gaping world. Having by some contrivance, he scarcely knew what, managed to get rid of some few of his incumbrances, and having, by his abstinence from his former gaieties gained a mighty share of admiration and applause, he now thought of looking like himself again, and keeping up the dignity of his rank which had so long been in abeyance.

All the various artisans were again set to work. The embellishments and furniture of the mansion in town were restored in greater splendour than before. Sounds of festivity were heard again; friends came again in copious abundance; congratulations and applause were heard from many tongues; and Fitzgeorge now resolved that he would enjoy life to his heart's

content. Again his gilded carriages graced the streets, and again the life and bustle of his re-furnished mansion gave animation to the neighbourhood. There is, perhaps, no object in nature so truly deplorable as a magnificent, deserted mansion; 'midst woods and wilds, and rocky mountains, no one looks for the human face divine, or listens for the busy hum of men; solitude is the fit society of the desert; even in the massy ruins of buildings and cities of a by-gone age, when the ivy has climbed the walls, and the unsociable bird of twilight has made its nest in the not yet crumbled pinnacles, there is something of a poetic beauty, and the imagination loves to have room for the creation of its own fancies—the human face is not missed, because not looked for amidst those picturesque ruins, which are as the last long shadows of a departed generation: but the empty mansion in a living city, the glazed but eyeless windows, the untrodden steps, the cold, smokeless chimneys, the unfurnished halls, the tongueless bells,

and the silent knocker, are mournful, melancholy --not like the calm sublimity of death, but like the gaping agony of dying. From this state of sad paralysis the mansion of Fitzgeorge revived. Even his creditors, his unpaid creditors, were not sorry to see the rekindling of that light which had been the joy and pride of the neighbourhood. And now his father, Lord Fitzgeorge, was in hopes that he might gain two advantages over the young man, that by increasing difficulties and new expenses, and a stronger taste for extravagance, he might be compelled, for his relief and extrication, to have recourse to matrimony, and to the adoption of his father's line of politics. But Augustus inherited so much of the paternal temperament as to possess a strong feeling of obstinacy. To the bondage of matrimony he had a decided objection; but to the person whom his father might select he had a still stronger objection: he knew not exactly who it might be, but he could partly guess, and the conjecture pleased him not.

As the father had anticipated, so it was. This second fit of extravagance exceeded the first. Refinement grew upon refinement, and one folly was the parent of a dozen more. Professor Malthus may be greatly alarmed at the carelessness of Providence, which, not having consulted him at the creation of the world, has most unwisely allowed the human race to increase in a geometrical ratio; but the follies of fashion and extravagance increase in a ratio still more alarming, and more irrational. It was the ambition of Fitzgeorge to be the first in the walks of fashion, refinement, elegance and superfineness. He aimed to set, not to follow the fashion; and he undoubtedly had a good eye for patterns, forms and colours. Whatever new modes of dress or furniture he might devise, they were sure to meet with the approbation of men of taste; and so fertile was his imagination, that there was no need of any auxiliaries, nor any room for the intrusion of rivals. He stood unrivalled, at the summit of his profession,

for profession certainly it was, though not so classed or arranged, according to the ordinary acceptation of the term profession. A setter of fashions was clearly the profession of Fitzgeorge, for it was his only occupation, his constant study, his greatest ambition. He aspired not to shine in the senate, or in the field; he gave not up his days or nights to the study of philosophy, or the cultivation of letters, and for one hour that he spent with any other book, he spent five with the pattern book. It is no doubt a very interesting and curious study, to men who have minds capable of that high reach and deep profundity, to ascertain at each changing season of the ever-various year, what colours best become the infinite variety of the human complexion and countenance, modified as they incessantly are, by a changing climate, and by the unforeseen fluctuation of interests and political movements. The people of Asia, who live beneath a cloudless sky and an unrelenting, unresisted despotism, still keep the monotony of

their garb and manners, wearing the same dress at the present day, and keeping the same customs to the present hour, as were worn and kept by the father of the faithful. It is not so with European nations, especially the English;—they are constantly changing the shape and colour of their attire, and are progressing, in an infinite course, towards unattainable perfection. Seeing this peculiarity, and observing its foundation in a deep and curious principle, Fitzgeorge bent all the powers of his mighty mind to modify and regulate these changes. While common minds, and the thoughtless mass of mankind carelessly, clumsily, and impatiently lend their bodies for a few minutes to the tailor's measures, and thus encourage or tolerate the production of ill-formed habiliments, it was the glory of Fitzgeorge to think, that whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing well. He received not his tailor impatiently, nor dismissed him hastily, and while he was employed in the work of admeasurement, and in consultation and

investigation of shape and colour, his mind was not idly wandering away after matters of minor importance, but he bent his whole powers to the subject, and gave it the deepest and closest attention. Blue, black, brown, green, pink, are words by which the indiscriminating many express the diversity of colour, but the eye of Fitzgeorge was far more recondite. Amidst the primary colours he had discernment to distinguish an infinite variety of shades, and to ascertain which was the most beautiful and most appropriate; and of the many artizans who were at various times employed to embody the creations of his brilliant imagination, not one has been found who ever detected the slightest inaccuracy in Fitzgeorge's taste. Whatever colour, or whatever shade and combination of colour he might fix on as the most beautiful for the time being, was sure to be the very perfection of beauty. He was

“ Through all the realms of beauty absolute.”

Nor indeed is it much to be wondered at that he should have been always so superbly successful in his choice of cut and colour, for though much might, and no doubt did, depend upon an innate genius, and on mental powers peculiarly adapted to such subjects, yet much was also the result of great and continued application to the topic. He not only brought talent, but he gave time and diligence to the investigation. It is too much the practice and habit of genius to depend mainly on its inherent powers, and to trust to almost extemporaneous efforts, but this was not a failing of which Fitzgeorge was guilty, although a genius of the first order in dress and decoration. On the contrary, he disdained not to spend hour after hour in close and closetted consultation with his tailors, watching, peradventure, the effect of various lights on various shades of colour as the day advanced or receded: for a colour that is beautiful at ten o'clock may alter its aspect beneath a meridian sun, and a dress that is graceful at two may be seen under ano-

ther aspect at five or six. Moreover, he had the judgment to consider, that by many superficial persons novelty itself may be taken for elegance, and that even more profound observers may be deceived by the first contemplation of a new form or colour; therefore he thought it necessary, previous to the publication of any new form of dress, to dwell attentively on the examination and inspection of it; for it would have been a source of much regret, and of serious remorse, if he had by any haste or inconsiderateness published a coat which would not bear the test of the nicest examination. When Fitzgeorge, therefore, did exhibit himself, he was properly prepared for the exhibition, and by the superb arrangements of his toilet paid all proper homage and respect to the admiring public; and when the public saw him decorated with all that can contribute to the rightly ornamenting of the human frame, they saw the result of many hours' labour and much serious thought.

Happy is it for those who by their exalted

station and attractive manners are able to select their associates and companions from every possible variety of human character and condition. So it was with Fitzgeorge ; he was not only a gentleman by birth, but a gentleman by manners, mind, feeling, habit, taste, principle, constitution, everything—he was a most complete and perfect gentleman, an unrivalled gentleman, a gentleman in every point of view, and in every particular which constitutes that undefinable yet obvious being called gentleman. It is true that he did not pay his creditors, because he could not, but still he was a gentlemen ; it is true that he had sacrificed poor simple Juliet's peace of mind, profession, reputation, such as it was, to his own transient passion, but still he was a gentleman ; it is true that he cared for no one but himself, and followed his own caprices and humours, regardless of the feelings of others, but still he was a gentleman. And when we have said that a man is a gentleman, we forget or heed not any minor considerations. There

may be in a man's character and conduct folly, wickedness, mischief, indolence, arrogance, dishonesty, brutality, and a thousand other modifications of ungoverned passion; but still, if he be a gentleman, we must look up to him with admiration and respect, and must take it for granted that he must be infinitely more proud of being a gentleman than ashamed of any of the minor blots and blemishes in his character. The brightness and brilliancy of the gentlemanly character eclipses and conceals all defects.

Fitzgeorge then was a gentleman, and of course all who attempted to be or thought themselves to be gentlemen, admired in him that which they admired in themselves. Gentlemen, who had made it the whole study of their little lives to learn how to dress and move the body, to regulate the inflexion of the spine, to manage the movements of the toes and fingers and knees and shoulders, to arrange the important simper, and to direct the magnificent sneer; these gentlemen dressed themselves at the model of Fitz-

george as at a mirror, and not more perfectly could the African ape imitate with edifying gravity the movements of a human being than did these creatures imitate all that Fitzgeorge did, said, looked, dressed, and perhaps thought. Whenever, therefore, he appeared in Hyde Park to take what is in London called and seriously thought to be the air, but which in reality is the refuse gas of a million lungs and the refuse smoke of a million chimneys, gentlemen were to be seen around him in rich abundance pestering him with their multitudinous gazings, and persecuting him with the homage of bows which it was a task and a pleasure to return—a task because there was so much of it to be done, and a pleasure because he could do it so well. He never, perhaps, heard any one say, but he knew that every body did say, “How graceful is the bow of Augustus Fitzgeorge!” In that knowledge of course he was happy.

Having the power, as has been said above, to select whom he would for his acquaintanceship,

he made, of course, that selection according to his own accurate and exuberant taste. The friends of Fitzgeorge were of various qualities and of wide diversity of character, but they were all chosen for the sake of some coincidence with his own mind and feelings. If it may be permitted in a slight and sketchy narrative like the present, to aim at any speculations at all approaching the philosophic or analytical, we might say, that as every human being has a character formed from the combination of various elements, as those elements are in every character variously combined, and as in no two characters perhaps is there a decided similarity of combination, no two individuals can be decided and exclusive associates by virtue of a perfect similarity of mind and a complete sympathy of sentiment, but that association in friendship or acquaintanceship results from a similarity and coincidence in certain points. So we see in the world there are various societies formed in which the whole of the associates are met and do keep

together on only one point. So natural history or philosophy may unite men who are not by any means united on other matters ; so men may coincide in politics who agree not on any other topic. This will account for the variety in the character of the associates of Fitzgeorge, and an examination of the durability or otherwise of his friendships, will show on what ground there was sympathy and wherein the attraction consisted. For thoughtless and unobservant people will often say of such an one that he deserts his friend, that he changes his mind, that he is fickle, false, and capricious ; let us vindicate Fitzgeorge from that reproach, should it be found in the course of this little history that he should fall away from any of those whom once he may have professed to admire, esteem, or befriend.

Our vindication may as well be made at this period of the narrative, in which we are speaking of Fitzgeorge's emerging from temporary obscurity into the light of apparent prosperity and

renewed extravagance, for it is in these paroxysms of magnificence and splendour that men have most friends. Whatever change there may be seen in the conduct or feelings of Fitzgeorge towards those called his friends, that change is more apparent than real, or the change is founded on the same principle as that on which the friendship was founded ; and surely wisdom itself cannot demand or expect of the human character greater consistency than this, that a man's reason for ceasing his friendships should be quite as good as his reasons for commencing them. Thus with respect to Leppard, a man differing in many points of view from Fitzgeorge, and from most of Fitzgeorge's friends, it might be said or thought that the integrity of his mind, the generosity of his heart, the stores of his knowledge, the kindness of his feelings never ceased, never diminished, never changed—perhaps not ; but it was not on account of these things that Fitzgeorge sought his acquaintance, or honoured him with his friendship ; Fitzgeorge

was not attracted to Leppard by his integrity, by his generosity, by his knowledge, or by his benevolence, but by the sympathy of Whig politics; the moment, therefore, that sympathy ceased, that very moment Fitzgeorge cared not a straw for any of the mental and intellectual qualities which once perhaps he might have professed to admire. Fitzgeorge loved wit, and therefore he was attracted to Borrowman and rejoiced in his friendship. Fitzgeorge had need of some obedient, thick and thin counsellor and negociator, who would serve him with a steady and reckless zeal, who would go any where, say any thing, and do every thing to serve him, therefore he loved Borrowman; and he confided in him and spoke familiarly to him, and called him his best friend, and perhaps for a while actually thought him so. Fitzgeorge also loved the symposium, the heartiness of a jolly party, the sparkling wit that oozes from the sparkling wine, the light of fun which gleams on the margin of the mantling cup, the humour that springs from

the social glass, and the adulatory incense which they who drink administer to him who gives them drink. But when the taste changed, when Borrowman's wit grew dim, or Fitzgeorge's apprehension of it grew dull;—when by change of circumstances there was no longer need of the convenient aid of a spaniel friend;—when Fitzgeorge found it convenient to renounce his Whiggery, and when the humour of Borrowman cease to stimulate, and his services were no longer needed, he was dismissed, forgotten, forsaken, and neglected. Fitzgeorge might have admired the virtues of Leppard's character and the keen wit and good humour of Borrowman, but the virtues of the one and the good humour of the other were admired not merely as virtues and good humour, but as the virtues and good humour of convenient friends.

Nothing can be, therefore, plainer than that when two persons are associated together, in what the world calls friendship, the association is not from a perfect but from a partial coinci-

dence and sympathy. So we see wise men and fools—good men and bad men—temporarily connected in a friendship of what may be called an imperfect sympathy. As Fitzgeorge was now blazing forth again in a mighty brilliance of style, and floating high on the frothy summit of popular admiration, and as his highest glory was that of dress and decoration, he most especially drew the attention of the great masters of the science of human ornament. Amongst these, or rather at their head, was one Sir Nicholas Bobadil, who fain would have had the presumption to contend with Fitzgeorge for the empire of fashion. He piqued himself on the profundity of his knowledge of what is called fashion, a most curious topic indeed of knowledge, for there is no possibility of saying in what record it is kept, or by what means the knowledge is to be acquired: for a time was when whatever Sir Nicholas might do, and whatever Sir Nicholas might wear, and whatever Sir Nicholas might eat, and whatever Sir Nicholas might

drink, was certain of being the fashion, absurdity, folly, or inconvenience being no bar whatever to its adoption. The mind of Sir Nicholas was the store-room of fashion, and whatever came from thence, or through that, was fashionable.

The union of two such mighty forces as Sir Nicholas Bobadil and the Hon. Augustus Fitzgeorge created much such a sensation in the world of fashion, as the union of the courts of Paris and London would create on the continent of Europe; and the two new friends were proudly conscious of the honourable and envied situation in which they stood. It is the lot of humanity to be ruled by man. Much and proudly as the human race may talk about independence, it is a thing more talked about than apprehended. We cannot be independent;—let independence be presented to us, and we could not avail ourselves of the boon. We must have leaders in every thing. We must be told when and what and how to eat. We have not spirit enough to

choose the colour of our own clothes, or the seasoning of our own meat, or the times of our own eating and drinking. We must submit in all these things to the dominion and despotism of fashion. Who is fashion? What is fashion? Let a man come into our house as we are sitting at table, and take from us a dish that pleases our palate, and place in its stead a mass of repulsive cookery, insisting upon our eating that which disgusts and is offensive—if that man be called an officer of the king, we should regard that king as a great and grievous tyrant; but let fashion dictate whatever vagaries it may please,—directing and guiding us to any repulsive habits, or food, or drink, fashion must be obeyed, and is cheerfully obeyed. Excellent is the satire of the picture which represents a naked man with a piece of cloth in one hand and a pair of shears in the other, waiting to know in what form fashion may direct him to cut his coat. Let satire laugh, then, loudly as it will at the absurd gravity of those who profess to set the

fashions, surely it may have a louder laugh at those who, with greater gravity, and with more absurdity, follow the fashions thus set.

Dress, however, is but part of a gentleman, and is that which an ingenious tailor may make for a man who is not a gentleman. Manner is infinitely more, and that is what no tailor can make—it is a species of freemasonry, which none but the initiated can understand—it consists of many mental tricks and aeries—it is the suppressor of all real emotion, and the regulator of all artificial emotion. It is the measure of a man's knowledge, and the dictator of his ignorance. It is the polished medium through which he vents his self-conceit, and the music by which he modulates his insolence to the uninitiated. It can take all manner of forms, that of humility or that of haughtiness—it can be graceful or disgraceful—it can break a heart, or it can bind up a broken heart:—it may aspire to the loftiness of poetry and philosophy, or affect the ignorance of an untaught girl. Pleasant for the

time, and illustrative of character, were the many anecdotes related of this pair of superfine gentlemen. They encouraged one another in excesses of absurdity, and carried that absurdity to such lengths, as to make it almost respectable by its excessiveness. Perhaps the true secret of what is now, or has been recently, termed dandyism, is definable in two words—it is the seriousness of folly. Let the professors once show that they regard their profession ludicrously, the charm is broken and the mystery vanishes. As a specimen of exquisite arrogance, the following reply has been attributed by some to Fitzgeorge, and by others to Sir Nicholas Bobadil. They were exhibiting themselves in Hyde Park, and they received much notice as usual, some of which they acknowledged and others of which they disdained to acknowledge. One individual, in passing and repassing, had bowed nearly twenty times without receiving any acknowledgment. At length a bow was given in return. “You have returned his bow at last.”

—"Rather say his bows—one of mine is a return worth twenty of his."

It was Sir Nicholas Bobadil, we believe, who, when dining at Fitzgeorge's table in company with a bishop, and hearing mention made of the "Act of Uniformity," affected to think that the uniformity referred to the dress of the clergy, and pretended to regard the act as very cruel and oppressive.

CHAPTER XIII.

FATHER AND SON IN NO ADVANTAGEOUS
POINT OF VIEW.

IT is not to be wondered at that Lord Fitzgeorge, who was so passionately fond of ruling, should be excessively annoyed and indignant at the thought that he could not rule his own son. But Augustus bore restraint with sufficient impatience in his minority, and of course was not likely to submit to it with a better grace when his minority was passed. The parties were at issue on the matter of ruling from this circumstance, viz., their high rank in society. Lord Fitzgeorge being a lord, and ruling many vassals, tenants, and dependents, thought it a hard and

strange thing that he should not be able to rule his own son; while, on the other hand, Augustus Fitzgeorge, who was destined to rule over others, thought it very strange that he should not be suffered to rule himself. On this ground, therefore, there was a perpetual struggle between the parties.

Lord Fitzgeorge, who was as near-sighted, morally speaking, as a man could possibly be, thought that he might excite the sympathy of his neighbours and tenants against his son, by appearing to the world as a pious and moral father, opposed and thwarted by a vicious, profligate, and extravagant son. So that even in his lordship's devotions, whatever sincerity there might be in them, there was a strong admixture of earthly and malignant feeling. Having also a strong inclination to penurious habits, and no taste for the amusements and elegancies of life, he thought to exhibit to his tenants a contrast with his more expensive son. But herein they could see through him, and were not easily

deceived, except some few, such as were particularly favoured in the rent of their farms, or such as had the run of the pantry at the hall. Generally speaking, his tenants knew him too well to be deceived by him; for though they saw that he was penurious in trifles, yet they knew he was extravagant in other matters, and that he had very much wasted and exhausted their resources by litigations with his neighbours, great part of the expense of which fell upon them; and they also knew that he was always sending money to his wife's poor relations.

Augustus Fitzgeorge, who thought himself exceedingly ill-treated by his father, wished also to gain partisans among his neighbours, by letting the world see how ill-disposed his father was towards him. For this purpose he contrived, after there had been some unpleasant correspondence between them, or some discussion of an irritating nature, to meet his father in public, and appear to salute him most respectfully; and then, when the bow was not returned,

every one would be sure to say, that no one could behave more respectfully to a parent than Augustus did to Lord Fitzgeorge, but that the harsh and unforgiving father was so unnatural as not to return his salutation. Now, in the salutation of Augustus Fitzgeorge there was such a captivating elegance, that all the world was charmed with it; but the very elaborateness and studied carefulness of his manner appeared to his father more in the light of a mockery; this politeness, therefore, instead of at all conciliating, rather the more irritated and provoking.

It happened one day, that as Drury Borrowman, who never heeded what he said to Fitzgeorge or to any one else, was dining with him in private, and the conversation turned on their pecuniary difficulties, Fitzgeorge remarked, "I know not how it is, but it seems to me that there is nothing saved by saving."

"There is something lost by it," replied Borrowman, "and that is time, patience, spirits, and enjoyment."

“There is my most honoured and worthy father,” said Fitzgeorge, “who is so saving that his fingers always smell of copper; I wonder what he can be saving for.”

“For fun,” replied Borrowman; “it is very fine fun for a man to have in the last days of his life his pocket full of money, and his brains full of maggots, and to set his poor relations hunting after his maggots for the sake of his money.”

Fitzgeorge coupled something of an oath with the mention of poor relations.

“It appears to me rather odd,” said Borrowman, “that your father should so persecute you, and, I may say, rob you for the sake of your mother’s relations. I was talking about you the other day with Leppard, and we agreed that you ought to call the old gentleman to some account about the management of your affairs during your minority. You have been imposed on most grossly. He is remarkably fond of a good name among his neighbours and dependents, and if

you but threaten to show him up and to make a legal investigation of the matter, he will not care how he fleeces his tenants to save himself and his darling reputation. He has not spirit enough to aspire after the character of a good fellow, but he goes sneaking about to get himself the reputation of being a good man."

"Now you mention this, I am inclined to think that there is really something in it. The rents of my estates and the interest of my property must have been more than enough for all the expenses of my minority. But the fact is that I know no more about arithmetic, as a matter of business, or as applicable to pecuniary transactions, than a mere child does. Let us talk to Graves about it."

"Certainly," replied Borrowman, "he is the best person to speak to in the first instance. He will for his own credit's sake do what he can to prevent the exposure. Upon my word, you great folks seem to do just what you like, and to pay no regard whatever to the law."

“Ay,” replied Fitzgeorge, “we may sometimes laugh at the law, when we can contrive to manage or to silence it, but we never laugh at public opinion. We are by that kept in check. That is our law, and when that is in our favour we care for no other.”

“I will speak to Graves on this subject,” said Borrowman.

“I will leave the matter entirely in your hands,” answered Fitzgeorge, “for I believe that I have not in the world a surer, steadier, more faithful, or more talented friend than you are. The time may come, Borrowman, when I may have it in my power to reward your services with something more substantial than hollow thanks and unsubstantial praises.”

“My dear fellow,” said Borrowman, “my services, such as they are, reward themselves.” It is well that they did, for he never got any other reward.

In pursuance of his resolution Borrowman waited on the deep and solemn Mr. Graves.

There was no person whom Mr. Graves disliked more than, or indeed so much, as Drury Borrowman. If a demure, matter-of-fact kind of a gentleman dislikes a merry Andrew he has a still greater abomination for a jack pudding, and he that looks down contemptuously on a lion looks down with still greater contempt on a jackal. Thus did Mr. Graves regard Drury Borrowman; for despising the principal, he still more despised the friend and humble companion. Besides Borrowman had the reputation of being something of a wit, which was of all things the most odious to Mr. Graves; for he could not see what was the use of wit. He had been brought up to business, and to the exact keeping of accounts and collecting of rents, and he could not see the use of any people in the world, save landlords, tenants, and collectors of rents. He thought that tenants were very useful to occupy farms, and landlords he considered as properly engaged when they lived in great houses and rode in fine coaches, and looked as

wise and as solemn as owls. Any thing approaching to a joke was his utter abomination.

When Borrowman, therefore, was ushered into the little room where Mr. Graves sat, surrounded with books, bills, parchments, and all the solemn apparatus of business, the impatient steward thrust his pen behind his ear, pushed back his spectacles over his forehead, and putting his hands into his waiscoat pockets, he said, "Well, sir, what is your business?" He used the word business with such an emphasis as to indicate that he wished to hear of nothing but business, and to hear that treated in a business-like manner.

"Sir," replied Borrowman, with a kind of mock solemnity and half-laughing gravity, "I have the honour to wait on you, on most important business. I presume you are acquainted with my worthy friend, the Hon. Augustus Fitz-george."

"I am sorry to say that I am," replied Mr. Graves; "very sorry—and I am sorry that you

are so too ; but I am glad that I am not so intimately acquainted with him as you are."

" Really, Mr. Graves," replied Borrowman, " I am quite at a loss to know which is the greatest, your joy or your sorrow."

" Perhaps, [sir," said Mr. Graves, rather pettishly, " it does not much signify ; for if you did know, you would neither sympathize with my sorrows nor exult in my joys. But if you have business here, state it ; if not——"

Mr. Graves made a pause—and Borrowman finished the sentence for him, by saying—" Ay ! —if not, you think, I suppose, that I have no business here. Very good ! But [mark me, Mr. Graves—I have business here of rather a serious nature. My business is to inquire whether you are prepared to give, when called upon, a full statement of the expenses of the education of the Hon. Augustus Fitzgeorge."

" A what ?" said Mr. Graves, with all the solemnity and indignation of an undertaker in a passion. " I shall give no such account !"

“And will you advise Lord Fitzgeorge to refuse the statement, should it be formally demanded?”

“For what purpose can it be asked?” replied Mr. Graves; “and who is to demand it?”

“It is to be asked for the purpose of information,” said Borrowman; “and it is to be demanded by him who has a right and an authority to demand it. You may put a solemn face on the matter; but you will not be able to stop inquiry by wise looks. If your master has nothing to fear from the investigation, he will suffer it to be made;—if he has, he will know how to prevent it.”

Mr. Graves sat uneasily in his chair, and looked as if he fain would be rid of his troublesome visiter, but as if he almost feared that it would be dangerous to send him away unsatisfied or unpropitiated. The solemn steward, therefore, relaxed a little from the rigidity of his manners, and said, “Mr. Borrowman, this is,

indeed, a curious and rather singular sort of inquiry. 'Tis very odd that no mention has been made of it before this time. I suppose that some of Fitzgeorge's friends have been raising this foolish suspicion in his mind. But can you seriously imagine that the world will believe it possible that so good and pious a man as Lord Fitzgeorge has been guilty of so gross a dereliction of principle as to rob or plunder his own son?"

"What the world may think I cannot say," replied Borrowman; "but I will tell you plainly what I think. I think and I know, and you know that the whole annual proceeds of the estates and properties of Augustus Fitzgeorge were not spent in his maintenance and education during his minority; they must, therefore, have been otherwise applied. So my good Mr. Graves, just as a matter of curiosity, we should like to know what has become of the money. It must be somewhere: and it is an inquiry in

which I am exceedingly interested to know where it is. You can assist me in the inquiry, and so perhaps can Lord Fitzgeorge himself."

"You are interested in the inquiry?" said Mr. Graves, rather sneeringly; "no doubt you are interested; and may I ask to what amount?"

"To what amount?" responded Borrowman: "I cannot understand you."

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. Graves, "you can understand; but perhaps it is desirable that I should speak a little more plainly. You are interested, Mr. Borrowman, in making an inquiry, and your interest is to a certain amount, either expressed or understood: suppose, now, it should be found that your interest should be greater to be silent, and suppress inquiry, than it is to promote inquiry. You can easily imagine that to be the case."

"So you think, Mr. Graves, that you can buy me over from my friend."

"Politicians are marketable articles, Mr. Borrowman."

“ But friends are not, Mr. Graves.”

“ A hem !” replied Mr. Graves ; “ Friends ! Friend is a fine word ; but if a man is fond of being a friend, the best person that he can be a friend to is himself. He that is evil to himself, to whom will he be good ?”

Borrowman smiled, and replied, “ No, no—’twill not do. I do not hold my own esteem so lightly as to play the traitor to him who depends on my friendship, who confides in me who wishes me well.”

“ I know Fitzgeorge better than you do,” replied Mr. Graves : “ let it be his interest, his passion, his caprice, or his desire from any cause whatever, to be rid of you and your friendship, he will let you go as coolly as he will part with an empty bottle.”

“ Ay, but I am not an empty bottle yet,” replied Borrowman.

“ Perhaps not ; but he will make you, or think you so. Besides, what good can he do you ?”

“ Not much at present ; but a time may come——”

“Borrowman, you are a goose,” said Mr. Graves, with rather more animation than usual; you know nothing of the world. You have head enough for a dozen, and yet too much heart for your head. For whom does a sensualist care but for himself? You minister to his pleasures now, and he flatters you, and calls you friend. So you think, that when he becomes Lord Fitzgeorge he will take as much pains to befriend you, as you now take to befriend him. Not he, depend upon it, he will want a new set of friends then, and friends of a different kind—not men of pleasure, but men of business.”

“He will never be a man of business,” replied Borrowman.

“Certainly he will not,” answered Graves; “and for that reason he must put himself into the hands of men of business.”

“Look ye here,” said Borrowman, almost angry at the insinuations cast out against his friend Fitzgeorge, “I am not a man of business, and never shall be, if by a man of business

you mean a crafty, time-serving, selfish, money-getting varlet, with no other idea than that of pounds, shillings and pence."

"Pounds, shillings and pence are very useful things, Mr. Borrowman," said Mr. Graves; "some of these days you may find them so."

"One word for all," answered Borrowman: "I tell you plainly, that if some account be not very soon rendered to my friend, the Honourable Augustus Fitzgeorge, of the monies spent in his education and maintenance during his minority, legal and vigorous measures will speedily be taken to compel an account. Your precious, pious, fatherly, economical, home-keeping Lord Fitzgeorge shall be exposed in his true colours;—the world shall see and know what they now very little suspect to be that man's true character."

"Why, surely, Mr. Borrowman," replied Graves, "you will never be guilty of so gross a violation of all decency as to advise and encourage a son to go to law with his own father! And suppose, after all, he should be defeated."

“ A fiddlestick’s end !” said Borrowman ;—
“ decency, indeed ! What sort of decency has Lord Fitzgeorge shown towards his son ? I am occupying your valuable time, Mr. Graves ; so I will leave you with the intimation, that unless some account is soon forthcoming, you and your master shall hear of it.”

So saying, Borrowman departed to tell Fitzgeorge the success of his mission, and to exult in the anticipation, that means would soon be forthcoming for a little more splendour and a little more extravagance on the part of his beloved and esteemed friend, Fitzgeorge. Some persons who knew the parties better than they knew themselves, were very much surprised that a man of so much acuteness as Borrowman should not be able to discover more clearly the real character of Fitzgeorge ; but the fact was, as Mr. Graves had told him, he had too much heart for his head ; he suffered his feelings to run away with his judgment.

Mr. Graves, meanwhile, betook himself to his

master's house, and laid before him, in terms as gentle as he could devise, the threats which had been used by Borrowman.

“What, what, what !” said his Lordship ; “is it come to that ? I think I had trouble enough with him in his minority, without being now called to account for the administration of his funds. I’ll not be bullied, Mr. Graves, I’ll not be bullied. Let him do his worst ; let him go to law ; let him appeal to the world. Will the world believe any thing against me ? Don’t I go to church every Sunday, and sometimes on saints’ days too ? Am I not a very religious man, and do I not make all those clergy very religious who look up to me for livings ? Are not all the influential people, by whose opinions the world is guided, and who, in fact, are the expression of the world’s opinions, in expectation of more from my patronage than they are from that of my son ? He cannot injure me, Mr. Graves. He cannot take from me my good name. The world will not heed him ; he is

gay, extravagant, and irreligious. His creditors will not believe him—they have believed him too much already.”

“ His creditors, my lord,” replied Mr. Graves, “ will be the most ready to believe him. They will hope, from the proceeds of the litigation, to gain some part at least of their demands.”

“ True, true, yes, yes, I know all that,” said Lord Fitzgeorge, “ I don’t need to be reminded. I see how it is perfectly. We must stop his mouth, and take care that the world knows nothing about the matter. You shall go to church with me to-morrow, and sit in my pew, if my wife is not there. And mark me, Graves, look as piously as you possibly can. Turn up your eyes when you say *amen*, and say it loud enough to be heard all over the church. On Monday you shall call on young Scapegrace and give him some money, and then you must compel him to promise secrecy as to the cause, and you must give his creditors to understand that I have paid them out of mere compassion.”

“ Your lordship is profound in wisdom,” said Mr. Graves. “ There is not such another to be found in the kingdom.”

“ Don’t flatter, Mr. Graves,” replied Lord Fitzgeorge, you know I like not flattery ; if you would try your skill at flattery go to my son, he loves flattery, and he will reward you for it with fine promises, quite as much as it is worth.”

“ I feel no inclination,” said Mr. Graves, “ to leave wisdom for folly, carefulness for extravagance, piety for profanity.”

Lord Fitzgeorge bowed, Mr. Graves bowed, and they separated. “ Deep fellow, deep fellow,” said his lordship to himself, “ understands his business well, and I understand mine too.”

END OF VOL. I.



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 042232261